

WOMEN'S FATE AT HANDS OF BOLSHEVISTS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,786.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

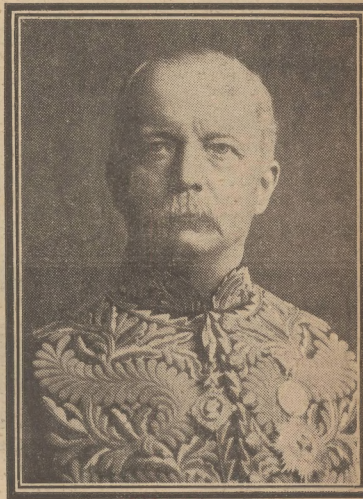
CARPENTIER TO SEE GLOVE CONTEST.



Wells shaking hands with Carpentier. Jimmy Wilde left.

Carpentier has got his leave, and has come to London to see the great Wells-Beckett contest. He visited the Pavilion last night, where Mlle. Delysia is appearing.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

FOUR ESCAPES.



Sir Andrew Leith Fraser, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, whose death from influenza took place yesterday. Four attempts on his life were made during his career in India.

YESTERDAY'S INVESTITURE: V.C.S. DECORATED BY THE KING AT THE PALACE.



Colonel Foster, D.S.O. (two bars), French and Belgian Croix de Guerre.



Captain Scott, invested with the M.C.



Lt.-Col. Perles, V.C. and D.S.O., with bar.



Major Grafferty, invested with the M.C.



Two Anzac V.C.s. They are Second Lieutenant Tarrant (left) and Second Lieutenant Judson, who has also won the M.C. and the D.C.M.



The Rev. Mr. McKegney, an Army chaplain, invested with the M.C.

The King held another Investiture at Buckingham Palace yesterday, when a number of V.C.s. received their decorations. Included among the officers present were several who

had been awarded two, three and even four war honours. In addition to the soldiers, there were a number of nurses who received the R.R.C.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WHAT CARPENTIER SAID TO WELLS.

"Are You Fit, Billee?"—
Champion's Greeting.

TO-NIGHT'S GREAT BOUT.

"Are you fit, Billee?"

With these words Georges Carpentier greeted Billy Wells at the Pavilion last night.

Carpentier had travelled from Paris yesterday to see his old rival box Joe Beckett in an eliminating contest to see which Englishman would win the right to box him for the championship of Europe.

And the Frenchman ran his hand admiringly down Billy Wells' powerful forearm, as he asked the question:—

"Two rounds, Billee?" he asked, as he finished his survey. And modest Billy Wells smiled and said, "He hoped so."

So I asked Carpentier, who will win? "Wells," he said, without hesitation. Then the pair went down to the pavilion stage to be introduced to the audience by Mr. Charles Cochran, who is staging to-day's big fight at the Stadium between Wells and Beckett.

WHO WILL MEET GEORGES?

And perky little Jimmy Wilde got a hearty handshake and a winning smile from Carpentier. He made one of a famous trip on the stage. Mr. Cochran referred to the "friendly battles" between Englishmen and Frenchmen before

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES.

Exclusive pictures of the great Wells v. Beckett match will be published in to-morrow's *Daily Mirror*.

At present the Holborn Stadium is still partly at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A., which means that accommodation is strictly limited. As a result, hundreds of sporting enthusiasts who would have liked to see the contest will be unable to do so.

They will at least have an opportunity of seeing the most thrilling episodes of the match as reproduced in *The Daily Mirror* photographs.

the greater war called all the best of both nations into the world battle against the Huns.

Carpentier told us he had played Rugby in Paris on Sunday, and was practically fit.

He told me he would be demolished next month, and would then at once start getting in trim for his battle with the best heavy-weight Englishman—Wells, Beckett or Frank Goddard. When Delysia saw Carpentier come on the stage at the close of a scene in which she was dancing she chirruped with delight, for the gallant Frenchman is a favourite wherever he goes.

CARPENTIER WAR WORN.

While Mr. Cochran was introducing the trio of boxers to the audience she slyly nudged him from behind, and for one brief moment the audience had a view of Georges' broad back, what time he turned round and shook hands with his countrywoman.

Carpentier looks a little war worn. He has still the same engaging, frank smile, the same winning manner, but he is not the chubby-faced boy we knew before the war. And small wonder, for he has played a big part in France's glorious history of the last few years.

Then in the private sanctum upstairs we chatted over past battles.

And Ted Broadbribb (Young Snowball), the only Englishman who has ever beaten Carpentier, came into the line, said, "He hit me harder than any other man has done," said Carpentier to Mr. Cochran.

In many ways it was an historic night.

(Continued on page 15.)

RED FLAG ON COFFIN.

Strange Incidents at the Funeral of Mrs. Wheelton.

The funeral of Mrs. Wheelton, one of the persons concerned in the conspiracy against Mr. Lloyd George, took place at Derby yesterday.

Her son, who served a term of imprisonment as a conscientious objector, placed a red flag upon the coffin, and one of the mourners delivered an oration in the church. He described Mrs. Wheelton as the victim of a judicial murder. There was no religious service.

FOUR MEN ASPHYXIATED.

Two firemen and two workmen lost their lives and several others were gassed as the result of a mishap at the Birmingham Corporation Gas Works yesterday afternoon.

Fourteen men were treated at the hospital.

NEWS FOR £35 TENANTS THIS WEEK.

A Cabinet decision is expected this week on the question of the eviction of tenants from houses of over £35 value, said Mr. Bonar Law in Parliament yesterday.

ROYAL WEDDING.

To-day's Historic Pageant for Princess "Pat's" Marriage.

TITLE CEASES IN ABBEY.

All the world loves a wedding, and all hearts to-day will go out tenderly to Princess Patricia of Connaught, whose marriage to the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, D.S.O., R.N., takes place at noon in Westminster Abbey.

It is the first royal wedding to be held in the Abbey for over 400 years.

The Abbey bells, used on all great and solemn occasions for centuries past, will clash out a new message of hope and joy.

The bride will enter the Abbey a Princess, but will leave it as Lady Victoria Ramsay. It is at her own expressed wish that she relinquishes her royal title.

The King has sanctioned this and notification was given in last night's *London Gazette Extraordinary*.

Outside the Court and Private Precedence of the Royal Family, the King has granted Lady Patricia Ramsay precedence before marchionesses.

Here is the time-table of the ceremony:—
11.45 a.m.—Bridgroom and groomsmen arrive at Abbey.
11.45 a.m.—The King and Queen and Royal Family leave the Palace.
11.50 a.m.—Bride and her father leave St. James' Palace in a landau drawn by four grey horses.
11.55 a.m.—Royal Family arrive at Abbey.
Noon.—Bride arrives at Abbey.

The bride's drive to the Abbey will be via—
The Mall, Horse Guards Arch, Horse Guards-square, Whitehall, Parliament-street.

A number of guests will be in St. James' Palace Gardens to see the departure and return.

The wedding luncheon will be served in the picture gallery, with the Duke of Connaught as host.

The bride and bridegroom will leave Clarence House by motor-car for their honeymoon between 3 p.m. and 3.30 p.m.

RHYME AS VOTE-GETTER.

Labour Supporter Poses as Charlie Chaplin on Child's Scooter.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday.
Owing to the elevation of Sir F. E. Smith to the Woolsack, the electors in the West Derby Division of Liverpool are to-day experiencing a second Parliamentary election.

The candidates are Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Hall (Coalition-Unionist) and Mr. George Nelson (Labour).

Polling proceeded quietly throughout the day, and women voters were much in evidence.

Poetic appeal was made through posters on leaflets to women voters. For example:—

When the men have gone to business,
And you are wondering what to do,
Remember that on Wednesday there's a little job for you.

Lay aside your knitting, and put away your shawl,
Slip on your hat and jacket, and go and vote for Hall.

A supporter of Mr. Nelson toured the constituency made up as Charlie Chaplin, pushing a child's wooden scooter.

LATE SIR BERTRAM LIMA.

Funeral at Hampstead Cemetery To-morrow at 3 p.m.

The funeral of the late Sir Bertram Lewis Lima, the chairman of the board of directors of *The Daily Mirror*, the *Sunday Pictorial*, the *Leeds Mercury* and the *Glasgow Daily Record*, will take place to-morrow at Hampstead Cemetery, Fortune Green-road, West Hampstead, at 3 p.m.

The nearest railway station to Hampstead Cemetery is the West Hampstead Station on the Metropolitan Railway.

The first portion of the service will be held at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, at 2 p.m.

At the request of the family, all flowers should be sent direct to *The Daily Mirror* Office, Boulevard-street, Fleet-street.

"DEAR MADAM, YOU WASTE PAPER."

"Dear Madam,—I have your letter, and in reply must ask you to mind your own business. I do not want to hear anything of your private affairs. They are nothing to me. You waste my paper."

This was the letter written by respondent to Mrs. Alice Beatrice Webb, of New Bond-street, an actress, who petitioned for divorce from her husband, Richard Ellis Hugh Webb, an actor, in reply to an appeal to return to her.

It was stated that respondent had been living with a woman named Nelly Whiting at Clapham since 1917, and a decree nisi was granted.

A SILENT HUSBAND.

During the four months he had been discharged from the Army her husband had not spoken to her except through the children, complained a young married woman to the magistrate at Marylebone yesterday. He remarked that he had no power to make the man speak, but requested the court missionary to see what he could do.

TRAGEDY OF WIDOW.

Witnesses' Stories at the Inquest—
Blood-Stained Weight.

"A BANDAGED FINGER."

Further evidence was given yesterday at the coroner's inquiry into the death of Mrs. Ridgley, a widow, the victim of the Hitchin murder.

John Healy, who is charged with the murder, was present in court.

Dr. Spilsbury, pathologist, described four wounds at the back of the head.

He thought Mrs. Ridgley was lying face downwards when she was struck with some blunt instrument. Her dog died from a fractured skull. The animal had been struck more than one blow.

Barbara Smith, daughter of Healy's landlady, said on the night of January 25 she saw Healy standing at the corner outside Mrs. Ridgley's shop about 8.30.

Healy came home that night about 10.20. Usually he was never later than nine o'clock.

The next morning she noticed that Healy had a finger bandaged. Later she made a remark to him about it, and he said he had fallen out of a chair. Witness knew that he had fallen out of a chair on Sunday night, but she saw the bandage on the finger on Sunday morning.

Police-constable Kirby spoke to visiting Healy's lodgings and on entering the house, two of which had blood stains on them, and one had the collar partly torn and partly cut off. Two bed sheets had blood stains on them.

Dr. William Gifford gave evidence as to wounds he had examined on prisoner's hands. The wounds to thumb and forefinger of the right hand were consistent with a dog bite, he said.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.

INTRUDERS AT A HOUSE.

Mrs. Fred Wright's Death Due to Natural Causes.

An explanation of the mysterious death of Mrs. Fred Wright, the aged mother of Mr. Huntley Wright, the actor, was made at the inquest on her yesterday.

Detective-Sergeant Fred Lupton said that on examining the premises he found obvious signs of housebreakers having been present, but he had no grounds for believing that they entered the room where Mrs. Wright was found.

His opinion was that the housebreakers might have looked into the room and seen a lady lying on the sofa, left the house.

Dr. Holgate Shaw, divisional police surgeon, stated that the post-mortem examination showed no sign of violence.

A verdict of Death from natural causes was returned.

"FLU INCREASING."

Last Week's Deaths More Than Double Those of Preceding Week.

Official figures of deaths from influenza during the week ending last Saturday show an alarming increase over the previous week.

The total mortality in the ninety-six great towns of England and Wales was 3,046, against 1,363 in the preceding week.

The deaths in London were 653, against 272 in the preceding week. There were only 1,201 births.

The following are the figures of mortality in the principal towns: London, 653; Greater London, 571; Stoke-on-Trent, 50; Birmingham, 35; Leicester, 61; Liverpool, 128; Manchester, 120; Bradford, 142; Leeds, 82; and Newcastle-on-Tyne, 163.

Reading one undertaker was in an hour notified of fifteen deaths, thirteen of which were from influenza.

Lieutenant-Commander Edward G. Blakeley, U.S.N., A.D.C. to Admiral Sims, of American Munitions Service, Grosvenor-palace, S.W., died yesterday of pneumonia following influenza.

MUNITION GIRLS' ROMANCE.

"If you're single, send a line,
If you're married, never mind."

Thus Mr. Pett Ridge, the well-known novelist, yesterday at the Mansion House.

Munition girls in search of romance, said Mr. Pett Ridge, used to write little notes and place them in the munition cases, hoping that they would catch the eye of some romantically inclined soldier.

The above couplet was a specimen.

W.R.A.F. CALLS FOR RECRUITS.

Recruits are needed for the Women's Royal Air Force in the following categories:—

Short-hand typists. Orderlies.
Pay clerks. (1) Housemaids.
Bureau clerks. (2) General domestic.
General clerks. Laundry.
Cooks. Motor drivers.
Mess orderlies (wait- Motor cyclists.
resses).

In the motor transport section only thoroughly experienced applicants will be considered.

Applications will be received through employment exchanges.

MAJOR SETON'S 14 WOUNDS.

Dining-Room Plan in Rutherford Case.

PRISONER'S D.S.O.

Colonel Norman Cecil Rutherford, Royal Army Medical Corps, again appeared at West London Police Court yesterday, charged with the murder of Major Seton at the residence of Sir Malcolm Seton. The case for the prosecution was concluded, the prisoner reserving his defence.

At the suggestion of Sir Archibald Bodkin (for the Director of Public Prosecutions) the case was formally remanded for a week.

Captain Herbert Ernest Saltern Ware said that at the beginning of 1918 he sold prisoner an automatic pistol and about twenty-five cartridges.

Dr. Spilsbury said that there were fourteen wounds in the body all caused by bullets. Major Seton must have been facing the door with his left side towards the pistol.

During his evidence Mr. Travers Humphreys (for the defence) followed very closely with the aid of a plan of the dining-room.

He went over to the prisoner and had a consultation with him, after which he asked the doctor how many bullets he suggested entered the body.

Dr. Spilsbury replied that there must have been at least six, and possibly there were eight.

DRAMATIC ARREST.

Police-constable Andrews said that he went to Clarendon-road in company with Sir Malcolm Seton. The prisoner was in the hall, and Sir Malcolm said: "This is the man who shot my cousin."

Andrews said: "You heard what this gentleman said, that you shot his cousin?" The Colonel replied: "Yes." Witness told him that he should arrest him for murder, whereupon the prisoner said: "Yes," and added:

"Let me have my cap and stick, and I will go."

Sir Malcolm fetched these articles, and as they were leaving the house Sir Malcolm said to the Colonel: "You must admit you murdered my cousin." Again the prisoner only replied: "Yes."

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis R. Hill said that Colonel Rutherford was awarded the D.S.O. in recognition "of gallantry and devotion to duty in the field."

The official description ran: "For consistent gallantry and devotion to duty when in charge of an advance dressing station. He worked continuously under heavy shell fire, evacuating the wounded from the forward area, and it was owing to his splendid example and devotion that the work was efficiently carried out."

Mr. Travers Humphreys: In June last did you notice signs of great mental strain about him—I did. I was surprised when he gave up his appointment at the Ministry of National Service. His manner was noticeably worried and nervous, and I formed the opinion that there must be some financial or domestic worry.

Prisoner was then formally remanded.

"COULD SMASH PRICES."

Lord Crawford on Ill-Effect of Precipitate Government Action.

That the Treasury were prepared to sell their food stocks below cost price, only observing economic conditions, was the statement of Lord Crawford in the Lords last night.

"We could," he said, "smash prices to-morrow, but it would cause distress, and possibly ruin, to small people who had taken stock, very often at the instance of the Government."

"Prices, too, must not be cut prematurely lest there was a reaction."

"Decontrol" would not be carried into effect by the Ministry of Food until the public interest justified it.

MILL BOY TO ARTIST.

Application for Renewal of an Art Scholarship.

The story of a mill boy who has become an artist was told at a meeting of the L.C.C. Education Committee yesterday, when an application for the renewal of an art scholarship held by Orlando Greenwood came up for discussion.

Greenwood went to work in a cotton mill when nine years old, but studied art and saved sufficient money to come to London in 1913 and support himself while studying. He went to an L.C.C. college and won an art scholarship, but in July, 1915, he was told it could only be renewed if he enlisted in the Army, and he served two and a half years in France.

As a rule, it was stated, had been adopted by the Council that scholarships could only be restored to students who joined the Army or were unfit for service, and it was argued that Greenwood waited till he was swept into the forces. By thirteen votes to seven, however, the Committee decided that the case should be reconsidered by the Higher Education Committee.

VISCOUNT ALTHORP'S WEDDING.

Lady Cynthia Hamilton was married yesterday afternoon to Viscount Althorp at St. James' Church, Piccadilly.

POZZLE OF THE FATE OF THE GERMAN FLEET

"VON SKAL KEPT IN TOUCH WITH IRISH."

Revelations of Bernstorff's Intrigues in America.

"ARMS FOR INDIA."

There are some piquant revelations of German intrigues in America contained in a document found among the papers of the notorious Captain von Papen, captured at Nazareth.

The following is a translation of a letter sent by Count Bernstorff to the German Government in August, 1918:—

"Herr von Igel and Herr von Skal have carried on the various commercial measures introduced and already partly continued by Herr von Papen," the letter continues.

Those have to do, among other things, with the orders placed by the Bridgeport Projectile Co., the Aetna Powder Co., with the sales of arms—stored to our account in New York and the State of Washington—which were intended for India.

The carrying on of these tasks by another man presents particular difficulties, since, to make oneself acquainted with the matters, very intricate in part, consequent on the destruction of all compromising documents ordered by your Excellency, is almost out of the question.

The Labour Reference Bureau, too, for German and Austrian and Hungarian subjects, who have left the present munition or other factories, has up to the present, been supervised by Herr von Igel.

"The connection, moreover, in New York with the India-Irish revolutionaries has been maintained, since the departure of Herr von Papen, either by Herr von Igel or Herr von Skal.

"Herr von Skal keeps in touch with the Irish."

BILL TO BUILD UP A STRONGER RACE.

Peril of "Armies of Defective Children"—A War Lesson.

In October, November, and December last year the mortality from influenza was as high as the average monthly mortality from war causes during the war.

In these words Dr. Addison moved a second reading of the Ministry of Health Bill in the House of Commons yesterday.

Whole armies of defective children, said Dr. Addison, attended our elementary schools, and afterwards lost themselves in the mass of the population.

We forgot about them until suddenly some great national event brought the matter to our minds.

Mr. J. H. Thomas said that Labour, in welcoming the Bill, welcomed it only as a first instalment.

State Railways?—In the House of Commons yesterday the Home Secretary introduced a Bill to establish a Ministry of Ways and Communications.

The Home Secretary said that the housing question could not be settled nor agriculture developed without adequate and cheap transport.

They proposed to take control of railways, light railways, roads, tramways and canals.

The Bill applied to the whole of the United Kingdom. The measure was read a first time.

PRUSSIAN INFLUENCE IN BOLSHEVIST ARMY.

Conscripted Peasants Driven Into Battle by "Internationals."

How great the influence of Prussianism on Bolshevism is shown by most interesting facts told to Reuter's special correspondent in Paris by M. Savinkoff, former Russian War Minister. The Bolshevist forces, said M. Savinkoff, amount to some 400,000 men, of whom 100,000 are good fighting troops composed chiefly of German prisoners, Magyars, Letts, sailors from the Black Sea Fleet and Chinese.

The other 300,000 are chiefly Russian peasants who have been conscripted.

When fighting these latter troops are forced forward by the picked "international" troops, German influence and ideas of discipline are strong in the Bolshevist army that commands in the Bolshevist army are given in German.

DEATH AT A FUNERAL.

Mrs. Lock, of High-street, Crediton, was yesterday preparing to attend the funeral of her father, Miss Snow, when she had a seizure and died.

Miss Snow had also died with tragic suddenness.

British Hold Ships Should Not Be Added to Navies—Not Worth Breaking Up?

BUT FRANCE WANTS THE GREATER PART

The Hun Ships.—Lord Lytton, for the Admiralty, in the Lords last night, in answer to a question as to whether the surrendered German warships would be sunk, said it was a matter for the Peace Conference.

"What we attach importance to," he said, "is that these ships should not be added to any of the world's navies; it might not pay to break them up."

M. Leygues, the French Minister, in the French Chamber to-day will:

Oppose the proposed destruction of the ships.

Demand that France should be given the greater part of the vessels interned.

None of France's naval losses, he has stated, have been made good.

WHAT A BOLSHEVIST MILLENNIUM IS LIKE

Women Butchered or Flung Into Rivers.

"STONES ROUND NECKS."

One of the most horrifying chapters in the annals of Bolshevism crime, says a Reuter Copenhagen message, is formed by the narrative of the atrocities perpetrated in Estonia.

Now that the country is cleared of Bolshevists, the Estonian authorities have begun an investigation as thorough and conscientious in its methods as it is ghastly in its results.

The first official report deals with the Bolshevist atrocities in Waseberg and Dorpat.

The graves of those murdered at Waseberg were opened on January 17 in the presence of a number of high officials, including the town Governor.

The vicinity of the graves showed with what brutality the Bolshevists had executed their victims.

All around was to be seen congealed blood, amongst which lay torn pieces of clothing, brains, and fragments of skull with hair. Sixteen bodies were found in the first grave opened.

50 BODIES IN GRAVE.

Baroness and a Sister of Mercy Among the Victims.

The second grave opened also contained sixteen victims. The third and largest of the graves was opened on January 18. It was 13ft. long, 6ft. deep, and filled to the top with corpses, says the official report.

It contained fifty bodies of which forty-one were recognized, five at least women, one Jeannette, Baroness Wrangel of Waseberg, another a Sister of Mercy.

The Bolshevist executioners had shattered the skulls of thirty-three of the victims, and not content with shooting had pierced most of them with bayonets and eviscerated them.

Proprietor A. Munstrum, who miraculously escaped death at the hands of the Bolshevists, describing the scene of one of the executions, said: "On the afternoon of January 11," he said, "fifty-six of us were led to the place of execution, where the grave was already made."

"Half of us, including six women, were placed at the edge of the grave.

"The women were to be executed first. One woman tried to escape, but the Bolshevists fired after her, and she sank to the ground wounded. They then dragged her by the feet into the grave, fired at her, and stamped on her body until she was silent.

"Then a volley was fired at the other victims, who were also cast into graves and done to death with butt ends of rifles and bayonets, after which the Bolshevists trampled on the bodies."

MURDER IN CELLAR.

Terrible Scenes of Butchery at Dorpat—Ice Hole Graves.

In Dorpat the Bolshevists perpetrated the same kind of atrocities as in Waseberg.

A number of persons were dragged to the Embach River and shot down. The bodies were dropped into the river through holes in the ice.

Many had arms and legs broken, the skull shattered. One had his eye put out.

On January 14, shortly before they were driven out, the Bolshevists killed twenty of their prisoners. There were 200 in all.

The Bolshevists used to make them stand in a row and call out the names of the victims.

They were then robbed of their clothes, boots and valuables, led to the cellar of a bank, and done to death with hatchet blows and bombs.

At Narva thirty people were murdered en masse, chiefly women.

Stones were hung round their necks, and they were thrown into the water.

Before their retreat the Bolshevists seized ten girls, whom they took away with them.

Two girls aged fourteen and twelve were arrested at Waiwara because their father, a farmer, could not be found.

In Werro the Bolshevists tortured a miller there for the purpose of extracting money, breaking his legs and stabbing him with bayonets, and as a further refinement, broke the fingers of the miller's son.—Reuter's Special.

Women Bolshevists.—A Bolshevist women's organisation has been discovered in Finland, says Reuter.

SEA BATTLE WITH THE BOLSHEVISTS AT WINDAU.

Germans Retake Town After Violent Combined Assault.

Windau was retaken by the Germans from the Bolshevists by a simultaneous land and sea attack after a violent battle in which Baltic units participated.—Reuter.

Chinese "Red Flaggers."—At a conference of Chinese in Petrograd in December affecting 60,000 members, says Reuter, an appeal was issued to the Chinese people to make preparations for a general insurrection of workers in the event of the Allies attacking the Bolshevists in Russia, as "the destinies of the Chinese revolution and of the Russian revolution are closely connected."

MORE SPARTACIST RIOTS IN BERLIN.

Railway Line Between Capital and Weimar Cut—Dusseldorf Battles.

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.

From Berlin it is reported that direct railway connection between Berlin and Weimar has been broken off in consequence of the Spartacists having destroyed the railway line at Halle.

There were new Spartacist riots in Berlin last night, and the movement is undoubtedly again becoming more dangerous.—Exchange.

Reuter, quoting the Handelsblad, says that Mulheim more and more resembles a large army of armed citizens, and the Spartacists are appearing from all sides to join this army and advance against the Government troops at Herford.

All Westphalia is under the domination of the Spartacists.

At the close of the voting for the new elections in Dusseldorf, says Reuter, bands of armed Spartacists visited most of the polling stations and compelled the officials to surrender the ballot boxes at the revolver's point, and made a bonfire of all papers in the streets, finishing up with a little indiscriminate shooting practice, which resulted in several casualties.

It is impossible at present to estimate the damage caused by the strike at Essen, says Reuter.

Millions of marks have been lost as a result of the senseless destruction of factories and the stoppage of work.

£144,000,000 NAVAL BILL.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

The Senate Naval Committee decided to report in favour of the £144,000,000 Naval Appropriation Bill.

The Republican members reserved the right to oppose the provision, empowering the President to suspend the building programme at his discretion.—Reuter.

RAY OF HOPE IN THE COAL CRISIS.

Proposed Postponement of the Strike.

MOMENTOUS MEETING.

The change of date from March 31 to March 20 for reporting on miners' hours and wages, as announced by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons on Tuesday, is declared to brighten the coal outlook considerably.

Miners' Federation delegates, numbering 150, considered the concession at the Holborn Restaurant, and it is said there was animated discussion on the executive recommendation that the operation of the strike notices should be delayed until March 20.

While some of the delegates opposed delay and though the decision has been adjourned, there is a strong feeling, it is said, that the recommendation will be adopted.

The executive and those of the miners' leaders who are favourable to the compromise are having a stiff fight to save the situation.

It is possible that there may be further developments before the delegates reassemble this afternoon.

An official statement which was issued said that Mr. Robert Smillie, presiding, drew attention to the need for delegates to face the issue broadly in the light of information which had since reached the executive.

Consumers To Be Represented.—In answer to Mr. Bottomley in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Bonar Law said that the intention was to have eight members of the Coal Commission representing Labour interests, and a like number representing the business community.

"TIRED AND WORRIED."

The negotiations which are proceeding between the Railway Executive Committee and railway unions were advanced another stage yesterday, when a further conference took place.

"I am tired and worried," said Mr. J. H. Thomas at South Lambeth last night in reference to the industrial crisis.

The men's leaders, he said, could only be true leaders as they were guided by a recognition that they were speaking for the great mass of the people.

It was deplorable that men should strike and break down the railways, only in order to obtain that for which they had not the honesty and courage to vote for. (Cheers.)

Sir George Asquith, of the Ministry of Labour, is of opinion that the Government has in the reviewing of decisions on wage problems from the standpoint of the general interest and in the regulation of the profits of capital and the wages of labour in order that a due proportion should be observed.

The proposition which elicited this modified response came from Mr. W. L. Hiches (chairman of Messrs. Cammell Laird and Co.) in an address at the Royal Society of Arts last night.



Sir G. Asquith

THE CHOICE FOR U.S.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

Mr. Daniels, a few hours after attending a Cabinet meeting late yesterday, addressed the National Press Club.

He uttered a warning that the nation was entering on a new era, and must either support the proposed League of Nations or else snariously increase its armaments in order to protect American interests under the Monroe Doctrine as far south as Tierra del Fuego. "We must assume," Mr. Daniels continued, "our share of responsibility for world justice and world peace, in cooperation with the other free nations, or bear a burden of military expense and the danger of militarism."—Reuter.

"TIGER" OUT AGAIN.

PARIS, Wednesday.

M. Clemenceau went out for the first time since his illness this afternoon, and was cordially cheered by a large crowd.—Reuter.

The NEW FAMILY MEDICINE.

THE new family medicine, Ker-nak, is ideal for juvenile stomach and bowel disorders. It is so gentle, soothing, and natural in its working that the most delicate or fast-growing child will respond to its unique restorative qualities. Ker-nak, in fact, makes ailing children well, and by bringing health and happiness into the home is welcomed as the Family's Favourite Prescription which supplies a need never before furnished by the household medicine chest. It is particularly to be noted that Ker-nak contains neither opiates nor any dangerous mineral drugs. It is a perfectly natural cure.

Ker-nak

Price 13 or 3/- a box of all Chemists, Stores, &c., or by post at same prices from the Ker-nak Natural Kennedy Ltd., Jowitt Lane, Leeds.

W.J. HARRIS & Co., Ltd.

Baby Carriages direct from the Maker.
"The Economic," Large body 32 by 15 inches inside. 4 Coe Strap Springs, Wired-on Rubber Tyres.



£5 5/-

Complete with Over-End Apron, Carriage Crate Paid, Free. All kinds on Easy Terms. Send for New Catalogue No. 4, Jowitt Lane.

51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E.15

WEST-END BRANCH—223 & 225, EDWARE RD., W.
NEW BRANCH—BALHAM—53, High Road.
BATTERSEA PARK RD., 581: (Clapham Junction end).
CATFORD—195, Rushey Green.
CHISWICK—224, High Road.
CROYDON—17, George Street.
ELEPHANT & CASTLE—53, 55, & 57, Newington Butts.
FOREST GATE—59, Woodgrange Road.
HACKNEY—391, Mare Street.
HARRINGAY—583, Green Lanes.
GUILDFORD—28, North Street.
KINGSTON—36, Fife Road.
LEE—19, High Road (1/2 wayham end).
OLD KENT ROAD—No. 219.
PENGE—126, Beeschenham Road.
WIMBORNE—5, Broadway Market.
WOOLWICH—62, Fowls Street.
EXTENSIVE WORKS—Hawesley Road, London, S.E.

You ought to use

"Cake Royal"

Makes Perfect Cakes

Easily—Quickly—Cheaply.

Contains all the necessary Sweetening, Flavouring and Raising properties, and costs only 9d. per pkt.

Ask your Grocer for this Perfect Cake-maker.

Made by J. & J. Beaulah, Ltd. Boston, Eng.



Try also M.P. per pkt. (Unsweetened)



Icilma Cream

PERFECT PURITY.

The world-famous Icilma Cream can only be made from materials of perfect purity.

Thousands of ladies implore us to send them Icilma Cream—they find that substitutes made from materials not good enough for Icilma have not the same effect. We are glad to say that supplies of pure materials are improving, and that consequently our output is gradually increasing—soon all needs will be met.

It is now clearly realised by the myriad users that nothing equals the dainty, foamy, fragrant Icilma Cream—no matter what claims are made for the imitations.

Price 1/- everywhere—pronounced Bye-Silma, Icilma Flesh-Tinted Cream, 1/6 per pot. ICILMA CO., LTD., St. Pancras, N.W.1.

Use it daily and
look your best

Picture-News
from every
quarter of
the Globe

with the comments
of Mr. Horatio
Bottomley, M.P.,
and Britain's
leading publicists
on current events
in the

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Order your
copy To-day

"TIZ" Cured my Sore, Tired Feet

"Oh! Girls! Don't have puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet or corns—Just Try TIZ."

Walking is
a joy after
"TIZ."



Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ. TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet.

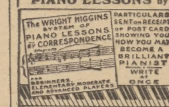
"After suffering for 2 years with my feet," writes Nurse Benite Kirby, 81, Hammersmith Bridge Road, W., "I tried TIZ. After the first foot-bath all the swelling, shooting, burning pains stopped; the second bath took away all the corns and hard skin."

Get a 1s. 6d. box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1s. 6d. Think of it! If any difficulty in securing TIZ, write to W. L. DODGE, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, London, E.C.1.

BE A BRILLIANT

PIANO PLAYER.

No Drudgery. No Fatigue. Failure Impossible. THE WRIGHT-HIGGINS SYSTEM OF PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE



My system will at least halve the time necessary for you to spend at the piano. Send postcard to-day for my little book "TRAINING Y. TEACHING." Therein you will find a position of the principles which underlie methods of tuition. (Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

R. Wright Higgins, F.R.C.O., L. Mus., T.C.L., 25, Oak House, Archway Rd., London, Eng.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1919.

WHEN SOCIETY BREAKS INTO PIECES.

READ in our news columns this morning the appalling account of Russia in dissolution!

Read, and respect, perhaps a little more than you may hitherto have done, the forces of unity and cohesion that keep us from the same fate.

We get tired (as it were) of order and "convention." The thing-as-it-is-comes to seem tiresome, out of sheer customariness. Restlessly men seek for change.

But change must be gradual. It must be by adaptation. The Body of the State must have time to adjust itself to new circumstance. If the new atmosphere be brought about it too suddenly that body passes into convulsions.

So it is now with Russia. First, the years of Tsaristic misgovernment. The "romance of Rasputin" will give us the tone and tendency of that.

Then the hideous war with its ghastly losses.

Next the break-up, the transition; and, now, the grip of the Bolshevist upon the starved country they dare not treat with mercy, since they depend on its disease for their existence.

We see the ravenous few, the leaders of the lost and desperate, pillaging the helpless many.

We see what the French Revolution saw—the fatal necessity, under which the newly risen ruffians live, of murdering in order to exist. The regime subsists at the grave's edge. The only problem of "government" is: "Who shall be the first to fall, dead or half-dead, into the open grave of Russia?"

Dismal reading, but read all the same. There is a lesson here.

Fresh from these terrible recitals, you conceive an added respect for the "dull" ways and slower methods of change that keep men from returning to their native and primitive instincts—to methods of the stone age, now much more fatal because the savages have rifles and machine guns, instead of arrows of flint!

HOW THEY LIVED!

IF the health of our people does not improve in the next few decades, it will not be the fault of the newspapers. They daily, publish illuminating facts about the appalling results due to haphazard go-as-you-please methods and morals of health control before the war.

Few knew anything about it. Only the poor doctor and the cheap dentist were aware of the vast mass of avoidable sickness passing on from life to life, and gradually poisoning the race.

Then the Army medical officer became aware of it too. He found thousands of young men "unfit" for military service. He spread the news. People were shocked and ashamed that the young men were not fit enough to get killed. They had not much worried about their being unfit to go on living.

"Eat what you like when you can get it. Give the baby what you have yourself, even if your favourite menu be pork sausages and beer or gin. Let all your teeth decay, and then, when they begin to ache, get an open-air quack to pull them all out. Thenceforth, mumble your food and go to the next quack for the resultant indigestion. Always marry too young, too poor, too ill, and bring up a large family—or fail to bring it up—under the impression that a high birth-rate of low grade mortals is a good thing for the State even though it bring degradation upon the individual."

That was the programme, or the health course, of the Imperial Race.

Well, it was high time the newspapers gave some account of it! It was high time people got a shock! —W. M.

THREE THOUSAND POUNDS IN FIVE MINUTES

THE WAY TO WRITE A REALLY POPULAR SONG.

By A. EMMETT ADAMS.

(The brilliant young composer of many popular ballads.)

STRICTLY speaking, I have no "method" of writing a melody.

For instance, "God Send You Back to Me" was the outcome of a delayed dinner.

I was waiting with a friend and collaborator for that necessary meal to be served, when I suddenly said: "Come on. Let's do something to pass the time away." In a few minutes my friend had written the refrain of the song, and by the time the first dish was put on the table the song was finished.

Now, I suppose, some kind people will set about the story that I was driven to write it by sheer hunger!

All sorts of queer legends get about concerning anybody who happens to write something which takes the public fancy. I have had to

And, now, how to make your effort, once completed, catch on is the problem.

Here is where the energetic and enterprising publisher comes in.

I am the firmest of firm believers in publicity, both newspaper advertising and the other kind. One good way of popularising a song is the restaurant band.

The first time the diner hears it he probably pays more attention to filet mignon than to flowing melody.

The second time he begins to wonder why it seems familiar.

"WHAT IS IT?"

When the band begins the opening bars on the next occasion the diner arrests his fork on its way to his mouth and says: "What is that confounded thing? One hears it everywhere."

The next step is to send a message to the director of the music, asking the name of the melody that seems so familiar.

In this way the song enters into the life of many who would never hear of it otherwise. Nor is there anything undignified or inar-

THE INDUSTRIAL JAZZ BAND AT FULL PITCH!



It is a puzzle for the plain man to discover the rights and wrongs of any or all of the industrial disputes that hourly threaten his existence.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

overhear some terrible stories about myself at times.

I sat next to some flappers on Brighton Pier one day when the band played "God Send You Back to Me," and, oh! the things those girls knew about the composer!

It was all news to me and very interesting. Another melody which afterwards proved quite popular I wrote while I was shaving. A lyric had arrived by post that morning which I rather took to. I stuck it up by the side of my shaving glass, and by the time my chin was duly reaped the whole melody was complete in my head.

The air of "The Bells of St. Mary's" occurred to me on the top of a bus between Baker-street and Oxford-street.

Once a song catches on there seems no limit to its spread. "God Send You Back to Me" has sold about a million and a quarter copies up to the present—160,000 of those in Australia. So many consignments of copies were torpedoes on their way to Canada and the States that the publishers began printing the song there. South Africa and India have also taken very kindly to it.

tistic in making the best and fullest use of all the reclame one can get.

If a play or a novel is advertised, why not a song?

Nobody can accuse our theatrical managers or our publishers of fiction of neglecting publicity. I have even heard of playwrights and novelists themselves doing a little advertising "on the side."

Press advertising is always very useful; and the firm which spends money on "ads." is the firm which sells the songs. I know of dozens of brilliantly-written ballads, with all the elements of popularity, which are wasting their sweetness on the shelves of the dealers, simply because they have not been properly pushed for various reasons.

The best advice one can give to the tyro at composing is to select his publisher with the utmost care.

The wise and prudent publisher pushes his productions; he hires vocalists to sing them, and sees that they are in the repertoires of the restaurant bands.

And no wise publisher ever thinks of neglecting the Press! —A. E. A.

IS HOME LIFE "DULL"?

THE THIRST FOR AMUSEMENT IN THE MODERN WORLD.

LEARNING TO USE LEISURE.

HOME life or a life of "amusements"? To my mind it's all a question of education. People ought to learn in youth how to enjoy their leisure in old age and middle age. If they don't learn this in youth, they will never learn it.

Few people do learn the use of leisure. Hence the clamour for amusements and the distaste for quiet home life. —H. L.

READING TO FATHER.

IT all depends on what home life is! Mine, in youth, consisted in looking after an invalid father and reading to him at night.

This was home life, and it was dull! Nothing would make me go back to it. —A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

THE THEATRE EVERY NIGHT!

PLENTY of amusement out of office hours does nobody any harm.

I have found some of the most successful men unable to spend an evening at home.

One I now know goes to the theatre nearly every night, or gives a dinner-party when he can't go to the theatre. —EMPLOYER.

CINEMAS, TOO?

COULD not every school have its own cinema? An exchange of pictures could easily be arranged. One hour every Saturday evening would relieve the monotony of the Christmas and Easter terms.

The boys here would be glad to contribute towards the initial outlay and upkeep of it if asked. —FELSTEDIAN.

LOVE LETTERS IN COURT.

IF married people are foolish enough to bring their matrimonial and love troubles into the courts, they must expect to have their letters read.

These epistles are mostly drivel, and to call them, as does "One Who Thinks," "A Man or Woman's Soul" is absurd.

It would be far better to treat them as the ramblings of a disordered mind. —TRUTH.

THE SCOUTS' DRESS.

I FEEL sure I shall not be the only scout to detect the uniform against Dr. Buchan's attack in *The Daily Mirror*.

Surely no reasoning person would compare the wearing of shorts by scouts to the very short lace dresses and low socks which he rightly condemns as unsuitable for winter wear by children.

I have skated in shorts in Canada, worn them in France, alternately with a kilt, for eighteen months, and even flown in an aeroplane in a kilt in March last year, and can testify (as will thousands of others who have learned to appreciate the freedom and comfort of bare knees) that I have never felt the slightest ill-effects from them.

Where has Dr. Buchan ever seen a scout showing "a foot or so of knee"?

If he thinks the kilt is cold, let him wear one some day, not standing in a breeze, but taking normal exercise, and he will feel his mistake.

No, he must look elsewhere for an explanation of this year's epidemic! —A. S. M. (A Sea Scout).

HOW TO RAISE MONEY.

I SEE the Government have in view a new method of taxing profits on capital, in lieu of the present Excess Profits Tax.

Why can't we have a simple method of raising increased revenue instead of constantly evolving new and complicated ones?

The income tax, with perhaps some improvements in graduation, is the fairest tax we have, and, being equitable all round, does not impose any undue restraint upon enterprise.

This tax puts every one on the same level according to his income, whereas the excess profits tax does, and the proposed new-fangled tax would, differentiate unfairly against certain classes and certain methods of earning income.

O. F. MACLAGAN

(Prospective Liberal candidate for the Rugby Division of Warwickshire.)

SHORTER LETTERS.

The Grieved Parent.—Hundreds of public schoolboys want to be taught dancing, as your letters show. All we parents ask is that our boys shall be taught something, no matter what, that shall be useful to them in life.—A PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY'S FATHER.

Domestic Felp.—Another name for servants, I suppose! And a good thing, too. It's largely the name of servant that keeps people out of domestic service.—A MISTRESS WITHOUT SERVANTS.

Independent Girls.—Men like independent girls after marriage. It's before they marry that they think they like the weaker sort. Alas! A man's point of view changes—generally too late. —A. H. M.

Your Teeth.—Your recent article on the nation's teeth is abundantly confirmed by the facts published in your news columns. The teeth of the average youth or girl in the working classes are usually worthless by the time he or she is grown up.—DENTAL SURGEON.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

SOFTENS CORNS & CALLOUSES LIKE WATER SOFTENS SOAP.

"Refreshing to the feet as mountain air to the lungs. Aches, swellings, soreness, tenderness, excessive perspirations, &c., soon had to go," says former sufferer from foot misery, who repeats a famous Harley-st. specialist's advice.

After caustic liquids, cutting, plasters, and other temporary expedients had produced great pain but no relief, I consulted a well-known specialist. He explained that callouses and corns are simply hardened, partly dead skin formed by shoe pressure, clogged pores, and poor circulation due to feet being the farthest extremities to which the heart must pump blood. Such growths are without nerves or blood vessels themselves, but they cause the acute misery by pressing on and irritating the extremely sensitive nerve tissues beneath. To refresh the feet, remove callouses and take corns out, roots and all, it is only necessary to rest them in hot salted water. This has no effect whatever on the structure of normal, healthy skin, but it immediately dissolves out the waxy substances from clogged pores, also the oil from hardened skin, and leaves the latter almost as soft as a piece of water-soaked soap. In fact, I was told by the specialist who prescribed salted water that its action on corns and callouses is quite similar to the effect of water on a piece of soap. To prepare the salted water, which is both medicated and oxygenated, simply dissolve in about a gallon of water a handful of the refined Resinol Bath Saltrates, which is obtainable at little cost from any chemist, this being the registered name by which medical men and chiropodists prescribe the compound.

For Liver Disorders use Alkin Saltrates.—(Advt.)

ARMY BOOTS

REPAIRED EQUAL TO NEW

12/6

Every Pair Guaranteed.
ALSO COLONIAL BROWN
15/-, 17/6 & 21/-

We supply only the Highest Grade Army Boots. Resoled and Hacked with the Best New Leather.



SENT ON APPROVAL.

They are the very pick of the Government Army Boots, sound, smart and watertight, the very thing for Munition Workers, Dockers, Farm Hands, Postmen, Buis, Tram, Bus and all workers requiring good serviceable Boots for hard work. We make every pair and warrant them to last longer and give greater satisfaction than two pairs of cheap boots cost by doubling the money. Send P.O. 12/6 and 1/- for postage (it goes), give also, and say whether Plain or Studded Soles required. Also good selection at 9/6, 15/6 and 17/6.

ALL BOOTS SENT ON APPROVAL.
Cash willingly returned in full if not satisfied.
THE COLONIAL ARMY BOOT CO.
(962 Dept.), 200, RAILTON ROAD, LONDON, S.E. 24.

The Servant Problem.

UNACQUAINTED household duties make the protection of hands and arms a very real problem. Pond's original Vanishing Cream will safeguard your skin against even the roughest work—will keep your hands and arms beautifully soft and white, and give an added radiance to your complexion. Simply apply this non-greasy, non-sticky cream night and morning after washing, and chapped hands or a rough, red complexion are impossible. Used by Society Beauties, leading Actresses, and all who delight in a perfect complexion.



Pond's Vanishing Cream

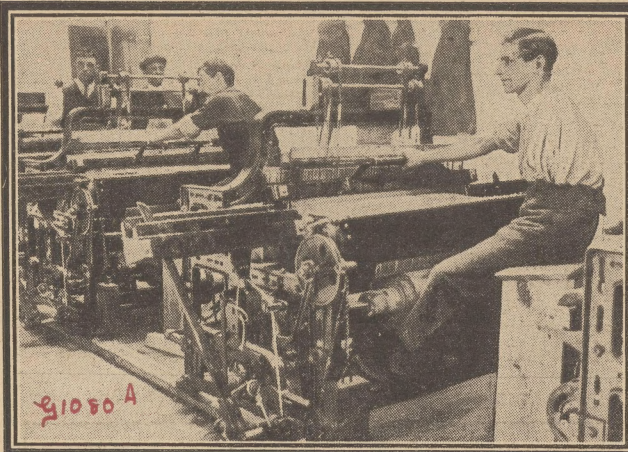
POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 36) 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

The best light to read by

MAZDA
Electric Lamps

Sold by all Electrical Dealers & Contractors
THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD. LONDON & GLASGOW

THE PROBLEM OF THE ONE-ARMED MAN.



Disabled soldiers who have lost an arm in the war are learning hand-loom weaving, which will enable them to take their place in civil life and earn good wages. The photograph shows how they work the machine.



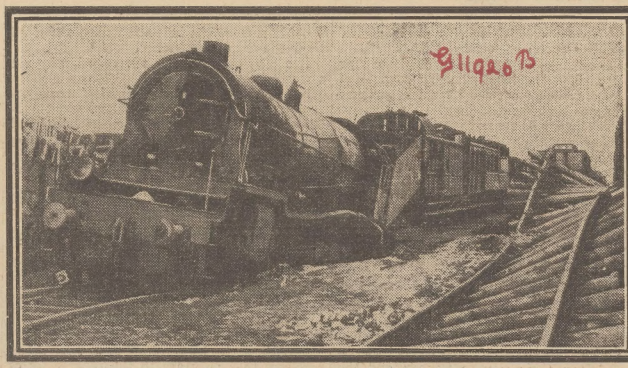
SKIRMISH IN A KITCHEN.—Mrs. Tappenden (on right in dark coat) leaving the Law Courts yesterday. She was plaintiff in an amusing case in which a skirmish in her kitchen was described. See page 13.



Mr. Davall, a laundry proprietor, the defendant.



CHIEF CONSTABLE.—After serving 32 years in Coventry police force, Mr. William Imber now becomes its chief.



AND THEN THE TRAIN STOPPED.—The result of a direct hit by a bomb dropped by No. 103 Squadron R.A.F. on a railway transport at Ghislenghien. In official language, "traffic was delayed."—(R.A.F. official photograph.)

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT.

"Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, Beautiful.

Ladies! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time.

The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you certainly can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Sold and recommended by all chemists, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.



£2,000 in prizes for Babies

No entry fees.

Send stamped addressed envelope at once for

Full particulars and splendid illustrated souvenir free to Miss S. MUSSON, Secretary, National Baby Week Council,

27a, Cavendish Square, W.1.

Daily Mirror REFLECTIONS

100 CARTOONS BY W.K. HASelden



1919 PRICE VOL. XII 1/- PER or 1/2½ Post Free

THE GREAT DEEDS OF THE MYSTERY SHIPS.

LIEUT. COMMANDER AUTEN'S VIVID STORY OF Q-BOATS.

By OUR NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.

"Q-Boat Adventures" is a book that will send a thrill of pride through every English man and woman.

WE all remember the submarine menace—even though it is a year or so old!

We all know in some vague way that during those awesome days, when we nervously scanned reports of tonnage sunk—and read of nothing we were doing to beat the Hun beneath the sea—that we passed through never-to-be-forgotten weeks. Yet, now we see we had little to fear. The "Q" or special service boat was a tramp steamer that had responded to men like Commander Auten, V.C., as readily as an actor responds to Clarkson.

That was all right. It was dramatic, it was clever.

But had we known of it at the time I doubt whether we should have rested around our island shores with any more comfort and peace of mind than we did waiting in ignorance. Even on reading the book published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins to-day I doubt if all the cares and skill devoted to making the "Q"-boat a daring as well as a disguised craft would have brought the Britisher at home a moment's respite from worry and anxiety, had it not been for his confidence in the officers and crew who manned the decks.

RULERS OF THE SEA.

Discipline was stern and severe aboard a special service ship.

In some sort of motley, the crew appeared upon a stage when the duel was in all actuality a duel to the death.

It was not the ship.

It is not the ship in Commander Auten's book that makes the blood race through the reader's veins. It is the work of the "motley" crew—the work of our kith and kin who manned the ship.

Listen!

"The relief came up about midnight and just at that moment the starboard look-out sighted on the bow what seemed to be a squat object lying low on the water. He peered through the darkness again and drew the attention of the officer of the watch, but before he had a chance of making out what it was the object had disappeared.

"Anxious moments followed. Was it a submarine? There had been none reported in the vicinity. Again, was it some patrol craft that had faded back into the night? He decided to take no risks and rang the bell to call me and the hands to action stations. At that moment he saw the track of a torpedo made bright by the phosphorescence on such a night coming straight for the ship at a terrific rate.

"Nothing could be done except wait for the explosion. The helm and engines are useless when a torpedo is coming straight for the beam of a ship at close range.

"The officer of the watch held his breath as the thing approached, but there was no explosion, although the track had reached right up to the starboard side of the ship. The torpedo had passed underneath the engine-room, evidently missing us by depth.

PLUCK WINS.

"I rushed on deck just in time to see the track of the torpedo pass on the port side, and I think it ever heartfelt thanksgiving went up to heaven if it did at that moment from the watch on deck. Had the torpedo struck us nothing could have saved the Stock Force. It would have got us dead in the engine-room, and we should have sunk in a few minutes, ship and crew, as no boats could have lived in the strong south-westerly sea that was running at the time. However, by some chance, the torpedo passed under us and missed us by a foot, probably even by inches only."

Don't you feel your veins tingle for the fellows who stood on the "Q"-boat in mid-ocean on that night?

"By some chance the torpedo passed under us and missed us by a foot!"

But, says Commander Auten: "The charm of 'Q'-boat warfare was its uncertainty. Month would follow month without incident, and then they (the submarines) would come like swallows with the spring."

I like that. There is a "more-the-merrier" touch about it. And the officers and crew must have been courageous beyond description.

The book thrills the reader with actualities that put all fictitious stories of adventure to the shade. And you learn that the British seafarer is invincible.

THE DAILY SEARCH FOR ROOMS AND FLATS

HOW GIRLS TRAMP STREETS IN SEARCH OF HOMES.

By MARGARET BELL.

UP and down the suburban thoroughfares moves the army of home-seekers. The little streets which dart down from roads where omnibuses lurch and rumble and lead through a labyrinth of alleyways and courtyards to nowhere in particular, daily echo with the click-clack of stout brogues worn by girls now banished from their war-time hostels.

The dull brass knockers on the dull, grey doors bring landladies in curlpapers hurrying from their basements.

Like most of us, who find ourselves plunged into the chaos of an overwhelming peace, the landladies have undergone a change.

A sudden affluence has robbed them of many of the hundred ingratiating little ways we were accustomed to expect when we tapped on the door with the "apartments" sign above it.

These one-time manners have departed like so many things have departed, and the girls in war brogues who tramp the byways of London, are becoming disconsolately accustomed to curt "No, nothing at all till June, and then only the drawin' room suite at two and a half guineas."

Groups of girls cluster around small stationery shops on the day the local weekly papers make their appearance.

They read of two unfurnished back rooms in a certain street with whose name they are unfamiliar, to be let at twelve and sixpence a week.

A pilgrimage through an intricacy of barrows, bearing everything from mussels to mending wool, reveals a dilapidated cottage with a door hanging on one hinge.

It takes a great deal of courage to approach that door, but necessity being the parent of resolution it is at length approached.

The rooms are squalid beyond description.

There is no gas laid on, the water must come from the basement, which is reached by a damp, ill-smelling flight of stairs at the end of the passage, and which is perpetually Stygian, except on such rare occasions when the sun is pleased to peep in through the grimy window.

Even then his kindness is doubtful, for it lifts the curtain on a scene of squalor which any clean-minded and clean-bodied girl would shrink from entering.

The mistress of this wretched home explains that at present the water is not running, because the pipes have burst.

"Can't get nothin' done," she says, "the rain comes in on warm days, the pipes freeze up when it is cold. I'm tired of tellin' the landlord about it."

Up and down the dingy little streets once more, her mind not intent on her own problems so much as on the problem of the dweller of the damp, ill-smelling basement, with its useless sink and eternal darkness. M. B.

4/25/19



VICTORY BALL AT BIRMINGHAM.—Major Browne (with bandaged head) a blinded officer, distributed the prizes. The dance was held in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel.

THE GERM OF BOLSHEVISM IN THE YOUNG

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE MANNERS OF BOYS.

By T. MICHAEL POPE.

A FEW evenings ago as I was walking along the Strand I suddenly experienced what appeared for the moment to be a violent blow in the back.

Glancing round, I discovered the reason for this unexpected encounter.

A group of boys—there were five or six of them in all, and their ages ranged, I suppose, from ten to fourteen—were scampering at a break-neck pace along the pavement.

They had all linked arms, and the few passing pedestrians—it was at a late hour of the night—who were unfortunate enough to get in their way were unceremoniously displaced. They sang as they ran. "Sing, did I say? It was rather a wild, barbaric chant—the sort of chant, I reflected, that some tribe of savages might raise around their camp fires on some weird festival.

It was compounded of certain letters, which ran, so far as I could distinguish them, E-I-E-I-O.

The incident would probably have faded from my memory, but for something which happened the following morning.

Entering a train at Twickenham Station I found myself immediately opposite a youth of about fifteen.

He was whistling—a shrill, ear-piercing

whistle it was; tuneless, but strident, and infinitely exasperating.

He kept it up till, to the infinite relief of myself and all my fellow passengers, the train arrived at Waterloo.

Murderous glances were thrown in the direction of that boy. I fancy there were some of us who would gladly have hurled him bodily from the open window.

"Though not, as a rule, disposed to manslaughter, I would not have lifted a hand to his assistance had any irate traveller proceeded to such an extremity.

But, oblivious of the hatred of which he was the deserved object, the boy whistled on.

The combination of the two things set me thinking.

We read a great deal in these days of the spread of Bolshevism. But here, in our very midst, is a form of Bolshevism which, if not checked, is likely to have far-reaching consequences.

An absolute contempt for all authority, a disdain of discipline, a wanton disregard of the feelings of others—can anyone deny that these are characteristic of the average elementary schoolboy of to-day?

There were certain optimists who fondly dreamed that the passing of the Education Act of 1870 was the prelude to the Millennium.

Has their belief been justified by facts?

Perhaps in the future instruction in manners in our elementary schools may be deemed almost as important as instruction in mathematics. T. M. P.

THE POPULAR ROYAL MARRIAGE.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING AT WESTMINSTER.

By A. de FROIDEVILLE.

The whole world is keenly interested in the ceremony that takes place to-day in the presence of a brilliant assembly.

I HAVE looked forward to few functions as much as I do to the wedding of Princess Patricia—"Our Princess Pat"—in the lights and shades of Westminster Abbey to-day.

But it is not because of these that I have looked forward to the ceremony so infinitely more than to other notable functions.

It is because of the romance that lies behind this wedding, the patient waiting of two who loved one another for long, but whom fate, in the shape of custom and rank, held apart.

The last royal wedding I attended was in the Chapel Royal at the Palace of St. James, where Prince Alexander of Battenberg was wedded to a peer's daughter.

I can see again the dark panelled chapel lit by double rows of great candles, the white blossoms lining the aisle, and massed on the marble and gold steps of the altar; the rows of royal personages, headed by the King and Queen, who sat on velvet seats in a semicircle around the altar.

But even that ceremony, beautiful as it was, lacked something that to-day's will hold.

The Prince of that ceremony, loved by his intimates, was yet little known by the general public. Here is a Princess whose beauty and wit have made her the people's favourite.

PERSONAL FURNITURE.

The colonel of "Princess Pat's Own" will go down in the history of the nation as an historic figure of the Great War. And this is the Princess who is renouncing her royal rank to wed the man she met several years ago and loved.

I wonder how many realise what an adventure is this setting out into the ordinary life of the people to a Princess housed always in royal palaces?

The taking of a house, the getting of furniture, choosing curtains and carpets, ordering the household—these are all exciting interests to a girl who has lived in palaces furnished by past generations, in a system which allowed of few personal likes or dislikes.

The Princess before her engagement told a friend that she was "saving up to buy a grand piano." Of course, there are grand pianos in every palace but not an individual one she had chosen herself.

If you had seen her presents displayed, as I have, you would realise the joy she has taken in being allowed to choose nearly everything she has been given. Her choice has fallen almost entirely on domestic objects. There is plenty of furniture of the antique styles she loves; there are household linen, table silver from a "lazy breakfast" upwards; china, and all the other things that the house-keeping spirit revels in.

It is very remarkable that in table load after table load of gifts from the Royal Family, her friends, the tennantry there is only one piece of jewellery.

AN ARTIST.

A diamond ring from Princess Christian contains the only precious stones in the whole display. This is not chance. The Princess herself asked that no jewellery should be given her. It is not the things that one associates with Princesses that she wants to own.

I have seen a good part of the trousseau, and it is full of delicious garments to charm the heart of any dainty woman.

Laces, fine embroideries on silks and muslins, worked linens, silken garments, furlined comforts for her own boudoir, these are just a few of the charms of it.

Sports garments, knitted woolly jumpers and tweed suits are, of course, included among the frocks of the Princess, who loves walking and skating and playing games.

Dance gowns, both for big balls and for little dances to be given in her own drawing-room, are also there.

She is herself both a water colour and oil painter, and has taken great delight in getting out the designs of many of her garments herself.

I have come across the Princess and her sailor fiancé going shopping, and they do not do all the gathering of wedding necessities in the great shops whose announcements alone reach the newspapers by official routes. The bride will go down to posterity as the princess, who loves the ways of the people better than the ways of palaces. A. DE F.

PEER AS A PRISONER



Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Farnham, D.S.O., new president, Irish Unionist Alliance, with his wife and daughter. Lord Farnham, was a prisoner of war in Germany.

COLOURED INFANTRY'S RETURN.

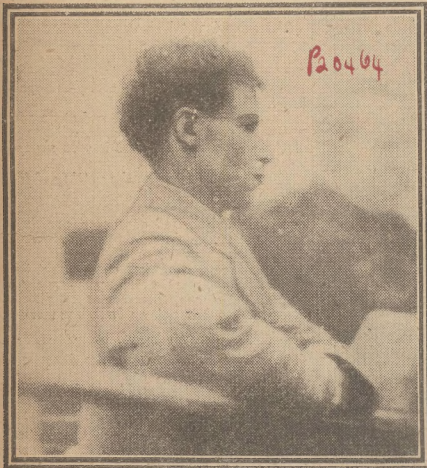


The arrival at New York of the 369th coloured infantry, who are known as "hell fighters." They crowded the deck and cheered, delighted to be home once more. Their caps somewhat resemble those of the R.A.F.

LAST DAY O



Beckett, like Wells, in



A CAPITAL CHARGE.—Nasa Abdulla in the dock at New-castle-on-Tyne, where he was accused of the murder of his brother, Faid Abdulla.



AT BROMPTON ORATORY.—Palms were carried by the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Norah H. Hornby and Lieutenant A. J. Daly.



WAR WORKER.—Miss Hope Munroe, daughter of Mr. G. H. Munroe, of London and Montreal, who has worked for two years at the War Office. She also did canteen work.



Riding is a form of o
Beckett, who meet Wells in the
dium to-night, spent his last d
light exercise.—(D)



A WAR NURSE.—The Hon. Joan Dickson Poynder, daughter of Lord and Lady Islington, who nursed the wounded both in France and at her mother's hospital.



THE OCCUPATION OF COLOGNE.—British cavalry riding across the bridge which spans the Rhine. The men, it will be noticed, still wear their steel helmets, though there is no shrapnel about now.



A CASUALTY.—Maj. C. E. Johnston, D.S.O., Seaforth, previously reported missing, now believed killed.

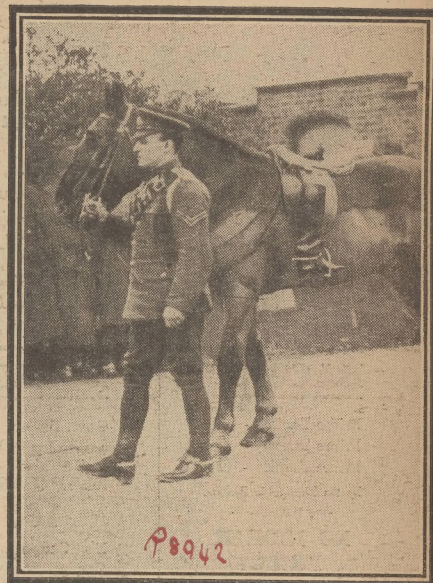


AT 60
W.
novellia
charge
sold

TRAINING SIR MARK SYKES' WIDOW AND SONS AT THE FUNERAL



Lady Sykes and her two young sons kneeling at the graveside.



The late Sir Mark Sykes' charger, Punch.



ENGAGEMENT. — Veronica, only daughter of Dr. H. Bowen Perkins, to marry Lieut. H. Harold Tottenham, R.E. son of Capt. C. Tottenham, J.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Tottenham.



Lady Sykes and her sons carrying candles.



The bearer party lowers the coffin into the grave.



thoroughly enjoys.

love contest at the Holborn (ing at Southampton in taking r photographs.)



FOR EVERYDAY WEAR.—A serge dress in navy blue. It is quite plain and, except for the buttons, has no trimming. Nevertheless, it looks very trim and neat.



Men of the 4th East Yorks firing a volley.

Full military honours were accorded to Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, M.P., who was buried at Sledmere, Yorkshire. The 4th East Yorks, the regiment he trained for the front and of which he was honorary colonel, fired the last volley.



HELP FOR SERBIA.—Miss Yvonne FitzRoy, who is working on behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospital, which is still carrying on in Serbia. She is the daughter of Sir Almeric FitzRoy.



AUTHOR DEAD.—The Rev. John Charles Cox, LL.D., the antiquarian and Church historian, has died.

David Greig

"The Firm that Lowers Prices First."

SCRAP CONTROL & WATCH FOOD PRICES TUMBLE!

When Merchants, who know their business, are again permitted to import and distribute food, nothing can stop the prices of Bacon, Margarine, Tea, Lard, etc., falling at a rate undreamed of at Palace Chambers. The Food Controller says—"Merchants should show they can sell more cheaply without control." Our reply is, "Only give us the chance, Mr. Roberts!" Meanwhile, it is high time the public were permitted to purchase Bacon, Lard and Tea from whichever retailer they prefer. Dora's too long dying! Kill her off!

BACON, BUTTER, LARD, EGGS, CANNED GOODS & TEA (Beg pardon, 6 months if we dare charge less than 2/8) **REDUCED!**

BACON.

Per lb.
Prime Back - 2/-
Prime Streaky - 2/-
Prime Flank - 1/-

By the Piece or in Rashers.
Any weight cut.

**NO HIGHER
PRICE!**

If you are not registered
get a friend who is (there
are thousands) to buy
some for you.

BUTTER.

Per lb.
Govt. Butter - 2/4
(control price) - 2/6

MARGARINE

10d.

No Coupons now!

**LARD
1/6**

Control price 1/8.

TEA.

(Sorry we are not
allowed to sell under
2/8 yet).

**WAIT UNTIL
YOU KNOW
OUR
REDUCED PRICE**

It will be a good way
under 2/8.

EGGS.

English & Irish

NEW LAID.

**4d.
each.**

Control Price,
5½d.

CANNED GOODS.

SOUPS
(Vegetable) - 6½d.

**KIPPERED
HERRINGS** 6½d.

SARDINES - 8½d.

SARDINES - 9½d.

Head Office and Stores:
FERNDALE ROAD, ERXTON, LONDON, S.W.

David Greig

Telephone: Bristol 170, 171 & 1872.
Telegrams: Davigre, Brix, London.

Wonderful Cures of Paralysis.

Every word in Dr. Cassell's advertisements is nothing but the plain honest truth testified by grateful people for the benefit of others.



Spinal Paralysis.

Unable to move hand or foot for four years, Mrs. Spain, Catrine, Ayr-shire, says:—"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have cured me, after lying helpless in bed for 4 years. I could do nothing for myself. I am still keeping well after 6 years."



Nerve Paralysis.

Lost use of left side. Health and nerves all wrong. Mrs. King, 10, Morrell-street, Glasgow, says:—"I had a sort of stroke, and lost all power of my left side. I was so ill and weak I could scarcely do anything. I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and power gradually returned, and in a short time was cured. I am still well to-day."



Infantile Paralysis.

Helpless and wasting away, could not sit up. Baby Clarke was soon cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. She soon picked up after taking them, and is now a strong, healthy girl, says her mother, Mrs. Clarke, 26, Beekwood Cottages, Notts.

Nerve Power Restored

after paralysis caused by accident to spine. Mr. Reed, 24, Batham New-road, London, says:—"I was locked upon as feeble. After taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets power gradually returned, and now I am entirely cured."



Paralysed in Legs

after rheumatic fever. Could not move, and had no feeling in them. Mr. Bruchard, 2, Montague-st., Watworth, London, says:—"Hospital was suggested, but I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and gradually regained the lost power. Now quite well."



Nerve and Body Paralysis

caused through getting wet. Lost power of body and right hand. "My speech and sight failed, and I went into hospital for 6 months. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after 6 or 7 weeks I was able to go back to work, and am still well," says Mr. Morris, 74, Suffolk-street, Poplar.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown Sleeplessness Wasting Diseases
Nerve Pain Infantile Paralysis Indigestion Nervous Debility
Neurasthenia K idney Trouble Nervous Exhaustion

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the
Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire, Home
Prices: 1/6 and 2/- the 3/- size being the more economical.

FREE INFORMATION

as to the suitability
of Dr. Cassell's
Tablets in your
case sent on re-
quest. Dr Cassell's
Co., Ltd., Chester
Road, Manchester

The SUN and KOMO work together

to make home beautiful. Dull, dingy, lifeless floors and
woodwork are quickly transformed, and dirt is banished.
With a "KOMO" work is done in half the time, and
in a delightfully easy and thorough way.

You should buy to-day a

KOMO NEW STANDARD MODEL—IMPROVED
TRIANGULAR IN SHAPE, SOCKET-FITTING HANDLE

BRITISH THROUGHOUT
All parts interchangeable.

The Mop is
TAKE-OFFABLE
and **WASHABLE**.

Spars fabrics may be purchased
at small cost for use on walls,
pictures, ceilings, etc. To be ob-
tained at all Stores, Ironmongers, etc.

Spring's Handmaiden.

KOMO HANDY MOP

If your dealer can't supply send 5/6, when we will forward you
not supply send 5/6, when we will forward you
Manufacturers: The Matchless Metal Polish Co., Ltd., Liverpool



Keep Baby Well!

by using

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

It is my duty to let you know how my little girl thrived
since taking your Gripe Water. From birth she had fits
of convulsions very badly. I was recommended to use
your Gripe Water; she has had no attack since, and I
must thank your Gripe Water for it. She is now four
months old and a credit to any mother.

Mrs. PARSONS,

Devon Buildings,
Dockhead, London, S.E.

Sept. 9, 1918.

Sole Proprietors: W. WOODWARD, Ltd.,
79, Fortess Road, London.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Miss Kitty Lewis, daughter of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Lewis, is one of the Victory debutantes.



The Duchess of Northbrook will be a prominent hostess during the "Victory" season.

THE ROYAL BRIDE.

Miners and the Coal Commission—Some Forthcoming New Plays in London.

EVERYBODY was hoping yesterday for fine weather to-day, when the popular Princess Patricia goes to be married to her sailor bridegroom at Westminster Abbey. It is a great innovation, which will endear her still more to Londoners, for her to use an open carriage. At other royal weddings closed carriages have always appeared.

Observed En Route.

When the King and Queen were married in the Chapel Royal at St. James' they used one of these closed carriages, both before and after the ceremony, though the day was a grilling one. But subsequently they drove from Buckingham Palace to Liverpool-street Station in an open carriage, to the great delight of the large crowds all along the route.

Real Orange Blossom.

I understand Princess "Pat" will wear real orange blossom at her wedding. This is coming from the South of France. Her beautiful train, quite a work of art, is to be very long. One of the pages, at all events, will not be nervous. Little Lord Macduff regards his duty as page as great sport.

Canadians' Gift.

In honour of Canada Princess "Pat" will wear as a bride a magnificent diamond and pearl spray given her by Canadians when she was leaving the Dominion for home.

Flying Statesman.

Mr. Lloyd George, who goes to Paris on Friday, will be followed next week by Mr. Bonar Law. To fly both there and back, if he can, is Mr. Law's present intention. I doubt if the Premier will. Mrs. Lloyd George strongly objects to aerial stunts for her husband.

Transport.

The new Transport Minister, Sir Eric Geddes, has already appointed his Parliamentary Secretary and his financial ditto. One of them is Sir Rhys Williams, the barrister-soldier, and the other Major Baird.

A Money Committee.

A Grand Committee of the House of Commons is to start work next week on the Supplementary Estimates, agreeably to the revised rules of procedure. This is the first time Estimates have been dealt with by a Committee of the House.

The Proportion.

That the Miners' Federation should nominate half the commission on the coal industry was part of the compromise arrived at be-



Mrs. Gilbert Hamilton, wife of Col. Hamilton, Grenadiers, son of Lord C. Hamilton.



Sir John Lavery will be one of the stewards at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball.

tween the Government and the miners' executive. This I hear on good authority, and it seems hopeful.

Better News.

On inquiry yesterday, I was told that Lord French is so much better that he is expected to be convalescent within ten days.

Nasrullah's Coup.

If it is time that Nasrullah Khan was at the bottom of the murder of his brother, the Ameer Habibullah, and has now seized the throne of Afghanistan, prepare for trouble. Nasrullah is, I am told, exactly what he looks—a most sinister person—and he has hated everything British ever since he was rubbed up the wrong way in London.

The Ameer's Guns.

It was Lord Kitchener—as a belated correspondent reminds me—who checked the late Ameer's desire for modern quick-firing artillery, he having passionately admired some British guns of this kind which he saw in India. As the Field-Marshal said: "If we let them have the guns they might soon be looking for targets!"

Feeding Seven Millions.

With great regret, the Quartermaster-General's office will see the almost immediate departure of Sir John Cowans. He will presently appear as a Colonial Governor, which new job, though responsible enough, will not compare with the huge task of feeding and clothing seven million fighting men all over the world.

The Old School.

I find a general belief that the new Quartermaster-General will be Sir Herbert Plumer. This doughty warrior is no stranger to Whitehall, as he was on the first Army Council, as formed by Lord Haldane. If he is as grand an administrator as he is a fighter all will be well.

Serious Author.

Among the officers demobilised this week is Lieutenant Gordon Parker, well known in Fleet-street. He tells me that he is arranging the production of a serious costume-play which he has written. Serious plays, especially of the costume variety, are so little in demand that Lieutenant Parker will be the envy of many authors when his effort is produced.

Travelling!

"In the Army," he said, "I drove a car 40,000 miles. And I had expected to drive the same distance to find a manager who was not looking out only for revue." Anyhow, it is a hopeful sign that one manager is not devoted to "lingerie-and-lyrics."

Happy Labour Leader.

Mr. Ben Turner, O.B.E., president of the Textile Workers' Union, is one of the happiest Labour leaders in the land just now. He hates avoidable strikes, and has been mainly responsible for securing an eight-hour day for the Yorkshire woollen workers by friendly discussion.

A Poet, Too.

Mr. Turner is an unusual sort of trade union official, for he writes poetry, and has published two charming volumes. He is something of a humorist, too, and amused the King, when he was in Yorkshire, by his racy descriptions of the characteristics of Yorkshiremen.

How it is Done.

The Post Office authorities, having announced their intention of demobilising the girl messengers, a West End post-office displays a notice offering posts to girls as messengers. This will, of course, speed up the demobilisation of the present messengers.

Short Services.

From Ramsgate I hear that sermonless Sundays are in vogue. Services are shortened by the omission of the usual address. The reason is that church interiors are very cold and cannot be warmed owing to the fuel shortage.

Demobilising Officers.

I notice that, while 1,500,000 men have been demobilised since the armistice was signed, the number of officers demobilised is only 37,000. I am assured that the explanation of this anomaly is the difficulty of finding suitable civilian posts for officers. Lately, rather than spend many weary weeks looking for a suitable job, temporary officers are now signing on for another year in the Army.

Writing Runcimen.

Mr. Runciman, in going in for newspaper proprietorship, is not the first of his name to adventure in the Street of Ink. His cousin, the late J. F. Runciman, was for a long time the brilliant musical critic of the *Saturday Review*, and another kinsman, James Runciman, wielded a pleasing pen.

In the Gallery.

I suppose that Mr. Geoffrey Dawson was the only editor of the *Times* who was ever seen in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. To my astonishment I caught a glimpse of him there one evening, and a regular "Gallery-man" told me that it was not Mr. Dawson's first or second visit.

Six-Shilling Novels.

The price of new novels continues to be freakish. In a few months, however, we may expect fiction volumes back at the uniform rate of six shillings, a publisher assures me. But that will be the net price.

By Way of Reminder.

I have already told you about the new *Daily Mirror* serial, by Ruby M. Ayres, which starts to-morrow. You mustn't miss it, on any account. And, when you have read the first instalment, I should be glad if you would write and tell me what you think about it.

Where to Learn Straphanging.

Have you noticed what good "straphangers" American soldiers in London are? One has just told me the reason. "I guess London tubes have nothing to teach boys who ride in lorries standing up and holding on to the timber of the roof."

Awful Armistice.

A military outfitter tells me that he is now selling off large quantities of military equipment at bargain prices. On kilts, sporrans, Sam Browne belts, British warms, and even R.A.F. blue outfits, he is giving a discount of from 30 to 50 per cent. "It's an awful armistice—for tailors," he ruefully remarked.

CAN MUSIC BE SELF-TAUGHT?

Many readers must have wished they could play some musical instrument, but have been deterred from learning by the expense and inconvenience of taking lessons from a music master.

The publication of the Musical Educator will come as a boon, for it contains in compact and interesting form a complete musical education. It is written by the greatest authorities, including—

PADEREWSKI.—"The Best Way to Study the Piano."

MARK HAMBURG.—"The Piano and How to Play It."

EDWIN H. LEMARE.—"The Art of Organ Playing."

CARUSO.—"The Cultivation of the Voice."

CLARA BUTT.—"How to Sing a Song."

MADAME MARCHESI.—"The Teaching of Singing."

JOHN DUNN.—"On Playing the Violin."

SIR F. H. COWEN.—"The Art of Conducting."

Every branch of Musical Culture is dealt with by an expert.

Course of Voice Training, Singing and Sol-feggio. Course on the Pianoforte. Course on the Violin. Course on Harmonium and American Organ. Course on the Organ. Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music. Lessons on Rudiments of Music. Course on Harmony and Counterpoint. Lessons in Canon and Fugue. Lessons in Musical Forms. Musical Analysis, and Composition. Dictionary of Musical Terms. Articles on the Instruments used in Orchestras and in Military Bands. Articles on Children's Music and Musical Drill. Article on Choir Training and Conducting. Article on Congregational Music. Article on Musical Degrees and Education.

FREE BOOKLET.

The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
77, Surrey Street, London, W.C. 2.

Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet of "The Musical Educator."

Name (Send this form or a postcard.)

Address

Absentee Incumbents.

Will the Representative Church Council, which is meeting at Westminster to consider Church reforms, turn its attention to the scandal of absentee incumbents? I hear great complaints about clergy who obtain fat livings in rural districts and leave them to curates-in-charge at starvation pay. Such cases may not be numerous, but they exist.

Queer.

Why should fourpence be the price of a cup of coffee on week-days, and the same cup cost fivepence on Sundays at the same restaurant, and on the same side of it—as our friend Professor Euclid would say? This is an anomaly which the manager was unable to explain.

"Victory."

Miss Marie Lohr's next production is an interesting one—an adaptation of Mr. Joseph Conrad's fine novel, "Victory." I think that this is the first time that a Conrad romance has been dramatised. The piece, I fancy, will need some careful casting, and that it is likely to get.

At the Criterion.

In another new piece soon to be with us, Messrs. Max Pemberton's and Eustace Pons o'ny's "Don't, Dolly!" Miss Ethel Baird will be the leading lady, and here she is. The Criterion is the venue.

Novelties.

There is a welcome air of enterprise about the Opera arrangements. An interesting novelty will be Verdi's opera, "Simon Boccanegra," never before heard in England. Also we are promised three entirely new Puccini operas.

The Return of the Guards.

The decision to bring forward the date of reviewing the members of the Guards Division to March 22 was arrived at rather hurriedly after consultation with the King. It has been caused by the desire of the authorities to demobilise the time-expired men.

THE RAMBLER.

CAN YOU DRIVE A MOTOR-CAR?

An Indispensable Work for Every Owner, Driver or Chauffeur.

The Book of the Motor-Car is the first really comprehensive work on motor-cars, motor-cycles, and cycle-cars ever published.

DRIVING AND REPAIRS.

All the Book is full of invaluable information on all problems of driving and repairing a car, instructions being given for all possible difficulties in language that can be understood by the most unmechanical mind. The following are a few of the subjects dealt with:—

Cylinders, valves of all kinds, different types of engines, carburetors, ignition, silencers, gears and clutches, radiators, cooling systems, brakes, lubrication, lighting systems, artillery, and wire wheels, tyres, fuels and how to use them, tools, and repair appliances, etc., etc.

CYCLE-CARS AND MOTOR-CYCLES.

The work pays full attention to motor-cycles and cycle-cars, full details and instruction being given for all those points wherein they must be treated differently from the more powerful motor-car. It is profusely illustrated with full-page plates, drawing in plan section and elevation, diagrams and photographs, as well as a series of sectional movable models in colour showing in detail the actual working parts of a car.

Mr. Charles Jarrott writes:

"I think the Book of the Motor-Car invaluable. As a book of reference it will be of great value to me, and everyone who is keenly interested in his car should have a copy."

FREE BOOKLET.

The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
77, Surrey Street, London, W.C. 2.

Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet of "The Book of the Motor-Car."

Name (Send this form or a postcard.)

Address

THE LIVE TRAIL

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

"MR. HUGH LONSDALE!"

Helen's fair face flushed as she repeated the name and her blue eyes glowed with excitement. She flashed a glance at Kitty, who was standing as if transfixed at stone, her face ghastly, and an expression of terror in her dark eyes as she stared at the maid.

"Show Mr. Lonsdale in!" ordered Helen decisively, recovering herself.

"No, no!" gasped old Kitty. "Not in here! I—I don't want to see him! I—I dare not face him!"

The astonished maid-servant paused uncertainly, glancing from one to the other. Dennis, too, gazed inquiringly from Helen to Kitty, at a loss to understand the situation. He did not know who Hugh Lonsdale was, nor could he understand Kitty's agitation and Helen's excitement.

Helen's next words gave him a clue to the mystery, however.

"You must see him," Helen said, her sweet voice quivering with excitement. "You cannot deny the truth any longer; but I will give you time to collect yourself."

She turned to the servant again. "I will see Mr. Lonsdale in the study, Mary," she added. "Show him up."

"Who is Mr. Lonsdale?" asked Dennis, as the servant withdrew.

The question was to some extent unnecessary, but Dennis, although Kitty's attitude was something in the nature of a revelation to him, was still inclined to suspect a plot. It seemed to him that if this Hugh Lonsdale was the other man in the case, it was strange, to say the least of it, that he should have presented himself just at the crucial moment.

Hugh Lonsdale is the man who posed as Roy Dunbar, Dennis had been answered after an instant of hesitation. "Kitty cannot refuse to admit the truth now."

She went quickly from the room, leaving Kitty and Dennis alone together. For a few moments there was dead silence; then Kitty uttered a gasping cry and sank limply into her chair, covering her face with her hands. To her it seemed that the day of reckoning had come, and terror gripped her heart.

Dennis sat glowering at her as she cowered in her chair. His brain was in a turmoil, but he was conscious of no anger towards the girl before him, but only of pity and a strange tenderness.

"Is what Helen said true?" he asked, breaking silence at last.

Kitty made an incoherent sound and burst into tears. Dennis, looking troubled and distressed, waited until her first outburst had calmed itself, then, quietly but insistently, repeated his question.

"Yes, it is true," sobbed Kitty brokenly. "And now you will love me and despise me. It isn't all my fault—I tried to explain before—more than once. I tried to explain to you and to Helen, too, but—because of you would believe me."

"And then—then Helen stole you away from me and turned you against me," she continued gaspingly, her face still buried in her hands, and tears trickling through her fingers. "I—I

"NOBODY'S LOVER" is the title of the new serial by Ruby M. Ayres, the first instalment of which appears to-morrow. Order your copy in advance.

wanted to pay her out, so—so I refused to help her or to be made a scapegoat. Oh, I wish I were dead!

Everyone will blame me now, everyone will despise me and hate me. I wanted to tell the truth, but—oh, it was so difficult, and I thought I should make myself a laughing-stock.

"It would have been different if I had found that you still cared for me, but—but you despise me like all the others, and are in love with Helen now."

"Are you quite sure of that, Kitty," interposed Dennis, his deep voice rather unsteady. "Are you quite sure that I haven't loved you all along, and that it was because I believed you had ceased to care for me that I have behaved so foolishly?"

He rose quickly from his chair as he spoke, crossed the room in two strides, and caught Kitty by the arm, his face turned away from her hands away from her face and to look at him.

"Answer me this, Kit," he commanded, half-fiercely. "Do you still love me? Is it true that you want to marry me, and that you have been keeping back the truth because you are jealous, because you thought Helen had stolen away my love from you? Answer me truly."

"Yes, yes, it's true, Dennis," gasped Kitty, with both terror and hope in her tear-dimmed eyes. "I—I was a fool—I see that now, never to throw you over as I did. I must have been mad."

"I do still care, and—oh, I would give anything to be able to wipe out the past. I love you, but now I never shall have turned against me, and you will hate and despise me—oh!"

A startled cry broke from her trembling lips as Dennis bent down swiftly and lifted her out of her chair. She had been a baby. Her dark eyes gleaming; then he bent his head and kissed her passionately again and again.

Kitty struggled for a moment, half-terrified; then her arms went round his neck and she buried her face in his shoulder, sobbing wildly in hysterical relief.

Dennis lowered her gently into the armchair again, seated himself on the arm of the chair, and put his arms round her quivering shoulders.

"Don't cry, Kit," he said unsteadily, breath-

ing fast. "I—I have been a fool, too. Yes, we're a pair of fools and well matched. "I don't hate or despise you. On the contrary, I feel almost flattered that you should have been so jealous, and I begin to believe—I do believe—that you really love me."

"Look up. Say again that you love me and that you are going to marry me. I love you, Kit, and we can start afresh if, only you are going to play the game straight."

"Dennis, do you mean that—that you are going to take me back and forgive me?" Kitty stammered, hope lighting up her dark eyes.

"I do—I do love you, and if only you will forgive me, I will be true to you."

"That's settled, then!" interposed Dennis, with a queer laugh, and bent and kissed her again.

Now, tell me the whole truth about Dunbar and this man Lonsdale," he continued, as Kitty began to dry her tears. "Why didn't you tell me about Lonsdale before? Why did you allow me to blame Dunbar?"

"Then you were in love with me, and I shall have to humble myself and apologise? Why did you do it?"

"I—I think it was to punish Helen, and because—because I was so jealous and angry and spiteful," explained Kitty contritely. "And at first I was afraid you might shoot Mr. Lonsdale if—I told you the truth, and that that would be better to leave Mr. Dunbar to explain."

"Then you were in love with this fellow Lonsdale?" queried Dennis sharply.

"No, at least—oh, I thought I was in love with him," answered Kitty. "I thought it would be nice to be rich and to be a society lady, and my heart was turned. I see now that I only regarded the whole thing as a flirtation, and—and there was really nothing in it."

"I was as much to blame as he was. If I had told him I was engaged, I—I suppose he would have acted differently, and would have told me he was engaged. You won't make a scene or a fuss, will you, Dennis?"

A PLEA FOR FORGIVENESS.

She began to explain and confess everything, making many excuses for herself, but blaming herself, too; but she looked so girlish and pathetic, and made it so plain that she was passionately in love with him, that Dennis could not find it in his heart to be angry with her, and she concluded, beginning to cry again. "And Mr. Dunbar will always hate me, I know, and daddy will be angry with me, and life will be a misery for me, perhaps they may be prepared to make allowances," said Dennis. "Don't talk about your life being a misery. You are coming back to Canada with me as my wife next month."

"And now you will love me and despise me," whispered Kitty contritely. "I wonder what Helen is saying to Hugh Lonsdale?"

Helen had entered Mr. Latimer's study to find Hugh Lonsdale standing, hat in hand, in the middle of the room, and looking unmistakably nervous and embarrassed. He was, as usual, very well groomed, and there was a tinge of healthy tan on his pale face.

"Ah! How d'ye do, Miss Carstairs? Delighted to see you again!" he exclaimed, with a sort of gasp, as Helen appeared.

Helen was pale now, but her blue eyes were bright with excitement, and her heart was beating at a tremendous rate.

"You have seen Roy?" she asked quickly, motioning him to a chair, and seating herself.

Lonsdale sat down, twirling his hat between his hands, moistening his lips, and gazing at Helen half-apprehensively.

"Yes," he answered, nervously, clearing his throat. "Only got back to town last night. Called on old Roy after lunch, and—er—he gave me a frightful shock. Told me about this trouble with this chap—er—his name—"

"Clare, and Kitty," he used me frightfully. I assure you, Miss Carstairs! I'm most horribly sorry!"

"You are going to put everything right?" asked Helen, eagerly.

"Er—yes, of course, if I can," Lonsdale answered, laying aside his hat.

"Dennis Clare and Kitty are downstairs in the sitting-room," said Helen. "I want you to come down with me and convince Mr. Clare that I am true, and that you are the man who was flirting with Kitty."

"Great Scott!" gasped Lonsdale, in consternation. "Why, the fellow may shoot me! From what I've heard he's a fearfully violent chap, with a great bullying and shooting people. I—don't mind doing anything in my own right."

"Your new serial, by Ruby M. Ayres, is a narrative of thrilling interest, and true to the experiences of life. It commences to-morrow."

reason, Miss Carstairs, and I'm—er—simply aching to put things right for you and old Roy. But—well, this is a bit steep, you know!

"If there's a row, and this chap makes a fuss and causes a scandal, and it comes to the ears of my wife—er—well, I shall be in the cart, what? Can't you think of some other way?"

"No, no, I am afraid not," answered Helen firmly. "The only way to convince Dennis Clare and to prove that Kitty has not told the truth will be to meet them face to face."

Lonsdale groaned, produced his handkerchief, and wiped his brow in agonised fashion. Helen felt almost sorry for him, but she reflected that he, in a large measure, had been to blame for all the trouble, and it was only right that he should be compelled to put matters right.

"Don't think I want to cause a fuss, Mr. Lonsdale," she said earnestly. "Mr. Clare can hardly feel as bitter against you as he did against Roy. I only hope that he has already questioned Kitty again, and that he will not refuse to believe that what you tell him is the truth."

By IOLA GILFILLAN



Helen Carstairs.

Lonsdale began to ask questions, and after a few minutes' conversation Helen led the way downstairs to the sitting-room, Lonsdale, in spite of his fashionable clothes and well-groomed appearance, looking like a criminal on his way to execution.

Helen's heart was beating fast with excitement, and her face was very pale as she opened the door of the sitting-room, but she drew a quick breath of relief when she found Dennis and Kitty seated together talking in low and earnest tones.

Dennis sprang up instantly, his face flushing in confusion, then the colour faded out of it again, and his heavy brows drew together in a frown as he saw Lonsdale. Lonsdale, for his part, was making a gallant effort to conceal his nervousness, and he walked stiffly into the room.

"Dennis, this is Mr. Hugh Lonsdale," began Helen rather breathlessly. "He will tell you—"

"I have nothing to say to Mr. Hugh Lonsdale," interrupted Dennis in a hard voice, glowering scornfully at the other man. "I have nothing to say to him, but I cannot very well be said in the presence of ladies. I have no use for any creature who uses another man's name to protect himself and gets a friend into difficulties."

"Look here, I don't want a fuss," exclaimed Lonsdale, his face reddening, "but if you are suggesting—"

"I am suggesting that you acted like a cad," snapped Dennis sternly. "I am not going to cause a scene, and I have nothing further to say to you. To quarrel with you might lead you to suppose that I was jealous of you, or that I was in love with you. I am not jealous of anything," he added, turning to Helen. "I quite realise now that I did Mr. Dunbar an injustice."

Lonsdale was angry, and he was not by any means lacking in courage. Dennis' words meant that he had been in the wrong, that his conduct had been open to criticism, and that to argue with Clare might only precipitate a scene.

As Miss Latimer appears to have explained matters to your friend, Miss Carstairs, I need not detain you longer," he said with a certain dignity, turning to Helen. "If Mr. Clare wants satisfaction for his service at any time and place he may care to appoint. Good afternoon."

"Roy is waiting for me," he said, as Helen followed him into the hall. "I expect he will come along here as soon as he hears what has happened. If I have been the cause of the trouble, Miss Carstairs, I apologise humbly. I hope everything will be all right now, and—and I wish you every happiness."

Helen bowed her head and gave him her hand again. Somehow his words had brought a lump

to her throat and she felt like crying. As the hall door closed behind Lonsdale, she turned and went back quickly to the sitting-room, to find both Kitty and Dennis standing waiting, looking embarrassed and almost apprehensive.

"You—you mustn't think too badly of Kitty, Helen," began Dennis, and he looked off for Kitty at that moment rushed forward and flung herself down dramatically at Helen's feet.

"Oh, forgive me, Helen, forgive me," she burst out brokenly. "I—I didn't really mean to do it—I make you unhappy—but I was jealous, and wicked and proud. Oh, I'm sorry, and—and if only you'll forgive me, dear, I promise—"

She became incoherent, and began to sob out entreaties and apologies and protests hysterically. Helen's gentle heart was touched, and she bent down quickly, raised Kitty to her feet, soothed her, assured her that she bore no malice, and that she was willing to forgive; then she began to ask questions.

They were all seated together, talking in subdued tones, half an hour or so later, when Mr. Latimer arrived home. Kitty, who was sitting beside Dennis, instinctively shrank back, her face blanching again, as her father looked from one to the other inquiringly.

"Daddy, something has happened," said Helen shakily and unsteadily, and plunged at once into explanations.

Mark Latimer's genial face darkened as he listened, he rubbed his head, and frowned wrathfully at Kitty, who wrung her hands and gazed at him nervously and appealingly.

"Don't blame Kitty, Mr. Latimer," broke in Dennis. "Helen has forgiven her, and so have I. We are going to be married next month."

"She doesn't deserve it!" exclaimed Mr. Latimer, after a long pause. "It would have served her right if—but I suppose it will do no good to go on the whole thing again. We must make the best of things—"

"Helen is very sorry, and that young man, an apology. What can I do?"

The matter was decided for him there and then, and there was no need for Helen to answer. The servant tapped at the door at that moment to announce—

"Mr. Roy Dunbar to see you, Miss Helen," and Roy was ushered into the room.

"Don't forget your new serial starts to-morrow. Tell your friends about it."



BABY VINCE.

"Virol upheld its reputation"

30, Occupation Road, Sheepridge, Huddersfield.

Dear Sirs,

At the age of three months baby was under the average weight, and in more or less common parlance, "Virol" was tried and thoroughly upheld its reputation, the daily improvement being wonderful, and now at the age of 12 months and weighing 25 lbs., everyone is unanimous in saying he is the finest baby they have ever seen. As his parents are both under 84 stones in weight, to Virol, not nature, must the improvement be attributed.—Yours gratefully, Mrs. E. VINCE.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and a good colour.

VIROL

In Jars, 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3.

Virol Ltd., 118-165, Old St., London, E.C. BRITISH MADE & BRITISH OWNED S.A.B.

SENSATIONAL OFFER.

WE ARE DISPOSING OF A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK OF

ALL WOOL CAMEL SHADE

SPENCER COATS

(as illustrated).

Indispensable for either IN-DOORS or for wearing under costume coats during the chilly days of spring.

Previously Sold at 18/11

OUR PRICE which defies competition,

8/11 1/2

Postage 3d.

ARDING & HOBBS

Clapham Junction, LONDON, S.W.1 Phone: Battersea 4.

JUDGING LOVELY WAR WORKERS.

Over 3,000 Photographs Examined by Committee.

"THE IDEAL PORTRAIT."

The first meeting of the War Workers Beauty Competition Judging Committee was held yesterday morning at the Savoy Hotel.

Long tables were covered in rows with the pictures of the 3,000 beauties chosen from 50,000 entrants.

The judges took batch after batch, searching each picture carefully for faults and beauties in the strong light from the Embankment windows, even using magnifying glasses to enlarge small snapshots.

Working from 11.30 until seven o'clock in the evening, the judges thoroughly examined the 3,000 photographs, of which 200 were put aside to receive further consideration.

The committee expressed deep regret that Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A., who has been unable to undergo an operation, was unable to be present.

PROBLEM OF PROFILES.

Full View of Face and Throat the Best Portrait.

The opinion of the committee was divided on the question of what constitutes beauty, and, as was expected, there was a great deal of discussion on the relative beauty merits of many contestants.

"Profiles," said Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, "are exceedingly difficult to judge from, as are all photographs looking either up or down with the chin tilted. A full view or three-quarter view of the face and throat is the ideal photograph."

The Judging Committee now comprises:—
Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.
Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A.
Mr. Charles Sims, R.A.
Major Richard Jack, A.R.A.
Miss Anna Airy, R.L., R.O.I.
The Countess of Limerick.
Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough).
Miss Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Herbert J. Buckmaster).

Cash prizes amounting to £1,000 will be awarded by *The Daily Mirror* to the forty-nine competitors declared to be the most beautiful women war workers in the land.

The first prize is £500, the second £100, the third £50, the fourth £25, with twenty prizes of £10 each and twenty-five prizes of £5 each.

The first four prize-winners will be given a week's free holiday in France, and will make the journey to and from Paris by aeroplane.

POLICE INSPECTOR TO PAY.

Remarkable Divorce Court Story of a Chase.

A decree nisi, with £100 damages, was yesterday granted in the Divorce Court to Ernest William Deans, on the ground of his wife's misconduct with Henry Cudmore, a sub-divisional inspector of police.

When petitioner came home from military service in France in June, 1917, his wife admitted that she "had got hold of an officer," who visited her and had given her a ring.

Petitioner later found his wife had gone to Southend, and on his second return from France in October last, when at his home in Raymond-road, Upton Park, the co-respondent arrived there, accompanied by a police constable, whom he left outside.

Cudmore refused to give his address to petitioner, and when the co-respondent rushed out of the house, petitioner, who tried to follow, was stopped by the constable.

Evidence of misconduct at Southend was given.

NEWS ITEMS.

700 Applications were received for the £200 a year clerkship to the Ormskirk War Pensions Committee.

Falling a height of 200 feet, Second Lieutenant Lee Cossing, an American airman, was killed yesterday in Scotland.

Cheaper Pots and Pans.—The supply of aluminium and hardware utensils is improving, and a fall in price is expected.

Killed on the Line.—Oliver Bartle was found cut to pieces on the South-Eastern line at North Camp Station, Aldershot, yesterday.

Ludendorff is returning to Germany, having declared in a letter to Ebert that he is willing to serve the German people as in the past.

Heroes at Windsor.—The second battalion of the Colchester and Essex Regiment, who were at Windsor from Cologne this morning at half-past eleven.

Mrs. McCudden, mother of the airman V.C., received yesterday from the Aero Club of America the Medal of Honour and Merit awarded to her son.

Merchant Killed.—Count Isidoro Gentilioni was three times shot and killed at Windsor, a wealthy merchant, out of personal animosity, says an Exchange Filiofrano (Italy) telegram.

WHEN JAM POTS FELL OFF THE TABLE.

Woman's Plain Words in Kitchen Skirmish.

A LAUNDRY QUESTION.

Nine pounds of jam upset off a kitchen table is apt to make some mess and disturbance.

The mess was made on the kitchen floor of Capilana, a bungalow near Clacton-on-Sea, and the disturbance was brought to a close in Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday.

Mrs. Mabel Annie Tappenden, the plaintiff, was suing for damages for assault and also for £4 10s, cost of a blue serge skirt spilt by the jam, 10s. for the jam, 2s. for five plates, 2s. for six jam-pots, 2s. for knife, 1s. for three cups, 3s. for three glasses and 12s. for cleaning up the mess.

Mrs. Tappenden's story was that the defendant, Mr. David M. Roth, proprietor of the Clacton Steam Laundry, in consequence of a dispute regarding payment of 2s. 7½d., intruded in the kitchen, refused to leave, and after words with her upset the kitchen table.

JUDGE'S COMMENT.

She admitted saying that he might go to Hell, on which Mr. Justice Darling's comment was "I suppose you wanted to make sure of not meeting him."

When she followed him as he retreated to the garden gate, he flung her from him, seizing her by the shoulders.

Henry Turner, the carman, said that when Mrs. Tappenden followed Mr. David, she was using vile language.

He added that he had to hold Mrs. Tappenden's hands to prevent her from striking Mr. David.

Mr. David stated that the message sent out by his carman was that he was a liar, a rogue, and a thief, and that he could go elsewhere for his money.

Mr. Justice Darling said both parties had behaved very unreasonably, but because a trespass had been committed there must be judgment for plaintiff, and he assessed the damages at 40s. As defendant had paid 45s. into Court, he obtained judgment and costs from the time he paid that sum into court.

TALKING THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

All-Round Rise in Rubbers—Meat Shares Good—Drapery Combine.

From Our City Editor.

THE CITY, Wednesday.

Practically the only feature in the Stock Exchange to-day was the strength of Rubber shares under influence of improved price of the commodity, expanding outputs and increased shipping facilities. Linggis jumped to 28s. 9d., Clembrosa 25s. 9d., Diasinga 26s. 6d., Rubber Trusts to 31s. 10½d. Last-named are 3s. 6d. up on week, and higher than at any time last year.

Home labour situation was regarded as more favourable. Iron, Steel and Engineering shares were firmer for choice. Vickers 42s. 3d. Guest Keens exceptionally weak, 54. Cunards again strong, 54.

Meat shares all good: Nelsons 1 13-16, Eastman 18s. 9d., British Argentine 26s. 6d. American breweries required for.

In mines Gedulds were slightly easier, 23 offered. Colombian Minings, after 58s. 9d., finally 58s. 3d. Central Minings good 54. Tin Arses Nibbs bought 7s. 6d.

Metropolitan Wagons continued good market, 4½, but no confirmation yet obtainable of reported amalgamation with Vickers at 45 per share basis.

Debenhams and Marshall and Snelgroves, for which there has been a joint working agreement for several years, are definitely combining. Former's capital, now £1,250,000, will be increased.

CUMBERLAND'S GOOD ROADS.

The Cumberland County Council's Deputy Surveyor, Mr. William H. Butler, informs *The Daily Mirror* that women have not been employed on the repair of roads in the county since last September.

The main road surfaces throughout the county have always had the reputation of being among the best in the country, a reputation maintained throughout the difficult period of the war.

Reports that the roads were in bad condition are erroneous.

EPISODES IN IRELAND.

John Lyne, a Co. Derry gamekeeper, has been shot and dangerously wounded by two masked men. Right home-made slugs lodged in his thigh.

In Co. Derry, also, the body of a man named Casey has been found with the side of his skull blown away.

Blarney Castle, Sir George Colthurst's residence, has been the scene of an unsuccessful raid by Sinn Féiners.

Masked men have raided the residence of Mr. Roberts at Ballincollig for arms. They secured only a shot gun and a revolver.

How we improved our memory in one evening!

Being the Amazing experiences of Victor Jones and his wife, who with 114,000 others last year took

The ROTH MEMORY COURSE

The Popular Course at a Popular Price

"Of course I know you! Mr. Addison Clarke of Hull.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the timber merchant, introduced me to you at luncheon at the Automobile Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel Metropole—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "savesdrop," even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the world," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out.

"He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did. As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?"

Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd to whom he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number correctly.

"You can't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called over, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearing's prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates, and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order."

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way, "Where is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine?"

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would forget his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can recall instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted. "You have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of good memory in one evening. I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study show you the basic principle of my whole system, and you will find it not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers.

"I've been a head of a £200,000 company, I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake."

That first lesson stuck. So did the other six. Read this letter from C. met before—oh I am going better all the time. I can remember figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

"Now this is the Roth Memory Course is finished. I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses are for the benefit of druggists, but this has been pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of memory, and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Roth didn't put it a bit too strongly. The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can recall the name of almost any shop I have and feel that I shall continue to head of a £200,000 company, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher.

"You see the Roth Memory Course is finished. I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses are for the benefit of druggists, but this has been pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of memory, and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Roth didn't put it a bit too strongly. The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can recall the name of almost any shop I have and feel that I shall continue to head of a £200,000 company, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher.

"You see the Roth Memory Course is finished. I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses are for the benefit of druggists, but this has been pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of memory, and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Roth didn't put it a bit too strongly. The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can recall the name of almost any shop I have and feel that I shall continue to head of a £200,000 company, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher.

because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can recall like a flash of lightning almost any fact I want right the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office. Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I believe" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that just now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name."

Now they are right there with the answer like a shot. Have you ever heard of Mr. H. Q. Smith, Department Manager of the Multigraph Company? Here is just a bit from a letter of his which I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy to follow, and it works. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100 per cent. in a week and 1,000 per cent. in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to the National Business and Personal Efficiency Dept., 30 the Standard Art Coy., Ltd., 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4, for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

What the Course did for Mrs. Jones.

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In fact, Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully.

She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been for years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly manner.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. With short Mrs. Jones, a developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has led them into her secret.

SEND NO MONEY.

So confident are the publishers of the Roth Memory Course that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination. Don't send us any money. Merely write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back and we will send you a letter after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the 114,000 others who have taken the course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so post the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

The National Business and Personal Efficiency, The Standard Book Co., Ltd. (Dept. 20), 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

JUDGING BEAUTY AND SOME ENTRANTS.



The committee begin their work of selecting the prize winners.



Cured fish, thus releasing her brother for the R.N.A.S.



Worked at an aircraft factory in the Midlands till the end of the war.



Voluntary worker at a hospital and also a Government clerk.



There is no need to describe her work. The photograph is all that is necessary.



Entertained wounded and troops at camp for three years.



A nurse in a creche for babies of munition workers.

GUARD against 'Flu by taking Genasprin daily. "Circulating in the blood," writes a prominent physician, "it distributes a powerful antiseptic all over the body, killing the microbes which are the cause of influenza."

GENASPRIN
(Brand of acetyl-salicylic acid)



Genasprin is really perfect aspirin — the purest safest brand — guaranteed free from irritant toxic acids, talc, borax, and other harmful ingredients. Doesn't depress the heart or upset the digestion, but calms and refreshes the overwrought nerves. Equally beneficial for Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sciatica and other Nerve Pains; also for Colds, Feverishness, Gout, Lumbago, Rheumatism, and Uric Acid Disorders. Buy a 2/- bottle (35 tablets) at your chemist's to-day, and take after meals — two tablets disintegrated in water.

GENATOSAN, LIMITED.
(British Purchasers of the Sanatoren Co.)
12, Chenies Street, London, W.C. 1.
(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda.)

Don't confuse
Genasprin with
cheap inferior
brands of aspirin

Save Shop Profits

Buy your hats direct and obtain them for half the usual price.
Model Y 400—In smart silky-Bengaline, stitched trim, turned up at back. The fashionable hop trimming in front. In Black, Navy, Amethyst, Putty, Nigger, Saxe and Grey. When ordering enclose P.O. value 1/6. Also mention Model No. and colour desired. Address: LA MAISON HEUREUSE, 6, Love Lane, Aldersbury, London, E.C.2



PRICE, Including
Box and Postage 10/-

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY. To-night, at 8. M. Mat. Wed and Sat, at 2.45 and 8.20.
AMBASSADORS-TWICE DAILY. "LEE WHITE in a new song show." "US." Apollo. Musical Comedy. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats. Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.30. Ger. 3243.
APOLLO. Musical Comedy. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats. Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.30. Ger. 3243.
COMEDY. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats. Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.30. Ger. 3243.
CRITICISM. At 8. "YOU NEVER KNOW YENOW DALY'S." At 8. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Return of JOSE COLLINS. Mats. Tues and Sat, at 2.30. DRURY LANE (Gerr. 2098). Evgs. at 7.30. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 1.30. BABES IN THE WOOD.
DUKE OF YORKS. Evgs. 8. "THE MAN FROM TORONTO." Evgs. George Fudy. Mats. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. GARRICK-Gerr. 9513. "THE PURSE STRINGS." Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
GLOBE-Manager, Marie Lohr. "NURSE BENSON." Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.15. (Last Week).
HAYMARKET. At 2.30 and 8. "UNCLE SAM." A Comedy of American Life. Mat. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. HIS MAJESTY'S at 2.15 and 7.30. CHU CHIN CHOW. Mats. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.15.
HOLBORN EMPIRE. HIS ROYAL HAPPINESS. Evgs. Afternoon, at 2.30. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. OR JOY. A new Musical Play.
KINGSWAY-Gerr. 4038. Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. "THE LITTLE HUN." Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. Gerrard 7617.
LYRIC. DORIS KEANE in ROKANA. Nightly, 8. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.15. (Last Week).
LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. Nightly, at 8. Mats. Thurs, Sat, 2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. by John Drinkwater. Wonder Program. 6s. to 1s. Mayfair 1548.
MASKELVNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. 3 and 8.
NEW-Nightly, 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Irving. L. M. Lion. L. Brailhwaite. Mats. M. Th, Sat, 2.30.
OXFORD. "THE NIGHT WATCH." Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Mon, Wed, Sat, 2.30. Madge Tiberidge.
PLAYHOUSE. 2.30 and 8. "THE Y. T. WIFE." Charles Hawtree, Gladys Cooper. Mats. M. Th, Sat, 2.30.
PRINCES. At 8. "THE OFFICERS' MESS." A Musical Farce. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
QUEEN'S-"THE LUCK OF THE NAVY." At 8. Percy Hutchinson. Mat. Sat, 2.30.
ROYALTY. At 8.15. "THE TITLE." by Arnold Bennett. Mats. Thurs and Sat, 2.30. Aubrey Smith, Eva Moore.
ST. JAMES-Gertrude Elliott in "EYES OF YOUTH." Nightly, at 8.15. Matinees, Wed, Sat, at 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S. A CURTAIN REVEALS. Seymour Hicks. Lady Tree. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Tues and Sat, 2.30. SAVOY-Gilbert & Sullivan presents "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
SCALA-MATHESSON LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK." Evgs. 8. Mats. Mon, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
SHAFESBURY. "YES, UNCLE!" (2nd Year). Even-Strand-ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL." Evgs. 8. Matinees, Wed, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE. At 8.15. Nelson Keys in "THE PUZZLE." Evgs. Margaret Bannerman. Mats. Tu, Th, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
WYNDHAM'S-THE LAW DIVINE. A Comedy by H. V. Emmond. Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA. Evgs. 8. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.15. Bing Boy on Broadway. Violet Loraine. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
COLISEUM (Ger. 7541). 2.30 and 7.45. Serge Diaghileff's Russian Ballet. Black Hamburg, Arthur Price, etc.
HIPPIDROME, London. 2.30 and 8.30. Last 2 weeks, 2nd Edition of Box of Tricks. Harry Tate, etc. Ger. 650.
PALLADIUM. Evgs. at 8. Mon, Wed and Sat, 2.30. "AMERICA." Elsie Janis, M. Chevalier, Billy Merson, Albert Whelan, Maidie Scott, Ernest Hastings, etc.
NEW GALLERY-Mary Pickford in "Capt. Kidd, Jr." Madge Kennedy in "Nearly Married." (Farling Cony).
QUEEN'S (Small) HALL, Regent St. Select Dances. March 3. Twice daily, 2 and 8. American Jazz Band.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
LADY REID'S Teeth Studio, Ltd.—Gas 2s. Artificial Teeth at Hospital Prices—524, Oxford-st, Marble Arch. Tel. Mayfair 5559.

Foster Clark's

Nothing else is quite like it—nothing quite so delicious, so rich and so wholesome.

The Creamiest Custard.

Cream Custard

PERSONAL.

VIOLET dear, come, write; mother, dad broken-hearted—Mabel.
CHIVER'S Carpet Soap cleans carpets like new; sold everywhere; sample 3d. stamps—Chivers, 22, Albany Works, Bath.
OFFICERS' Second-hand Uniform, Muff, Jewellery, Boots, Trunks, Underwear, Everything. World's largest second-hand dealers. Wholesale, retail, buying, selling. Outfitting. The best-known firm in the officers' second-hand trade—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport.
SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 23, Canville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.
CINNAMON is a valuable preventative against influenza, says one who has tried it.
MISSING SOLDIERS.
SECOND LIEUT. VICTOR LIONEL MANNING, A Co. 25th M.G. Bt., reported wounded and missing 23rd March, 1918, last seen near the railway at Bapamo—Information gratefully received by Mrs. Manning, Valley, Anglesy.
COULD any returned prisoner give information of Sapper E. Rowe, 23215, Royal Engineers, 517 London Field Company, who was reported missing last March 23rd?—Information would gladly be received by his anxious parents, 305, High-st., Felixstowe, Suffolk.
MISSING, since April 11th, 1917, Private Burvan F. Divall, No. 5706, 16th Bt., A.I.F.—Any information will greatly oblige by communicating with his aunt, Mrs. Currys, 35, Rosemead, W. 12.
POULKES—Reported wounded and missing on Sept. 26th, 1917, Private John Poulkes, 23868, 7th Bt., King's Shropshire Light Infantry—Will any soldier, stretcher-bearer or prisoner of war, who can cite any further information, kindly write to Mrs. Poulkes, 28, Castle-st., Peel, Isle of Man.
PRIVATE W. T. CYRIL EDWARDS, 56609, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, D Company, 15th Platoon, France, reported missing April 23rd. Any further news received, please write to his mother, Mrs. T. S. Edwards, 6, Warwick-st., Salford, Lancashire.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

COVILE Pumps, plated nickel, 2s. 6d., post free, returnable—Morrow, 4, Strand-street, S.W. 12. Agents wanted.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) bought—Messrs. Brownlag, dental manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st, London, W. 1, the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices; call or post and receive full value per return, or offer made; established 100 years.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought—Vulcanite up to 7s. A per tooth; silver, gold, platinum, up to £2; cash; call or post; mention "Daily Mirror"—Messrs. Page, 219, Oxford-st, London. Estd. 150 years.
OLD False Teeth, Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible value given or offered by return. If not accepted could be returned immediately, post free. Platinum Scrap, £15 per oz.—Bryant and Co., 85, Mark-lane, Manchester.
URGENTLY Needed.—All kinds Ladies' Gents' cash or clothing; cash sent immediately. Est. 60 years.—Mrs. H. Walker, 6, Dorset-street, Kensington, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CINDERELLA Apartment at Prince's Hotel, Piccadilly, W. 1, Saturday, March 1, 1919, from 7 to 12; tickets including buffet supper; 15s. 6d. Ladies, 17s. 6d. Gentlemen; limited number of tickets to be obtained only from Keith Prowse, all branches or Secretary, Mr. L. Blundell, Dental Surgery, 207, Oxford-street, W.
CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is sure and certain in results; everybody's opportunity—Full particulars of D. Clifton, 15, Broad-st, Hill, London, E.O. 4.

"BOMBARDIER" WELLS OR JOE BECKETT?

Will the Champion Retain His Title Against His Challenger?

"BILLY" SHOULD WIN.

"Bombardier" Billy Wells and Sergeant Joe Beckett meet to-night at the Holborn Stadium to settle which of the pair is to meet Frank Goddard.

To Wells it means losing the British championship, if he fails to win. To Beckett it means winning it, if he triumphs over the bombardier. No greater incentive could be held out to either man. For the boom time in boxing is just beginning.

Wells is at his best. He has trained assiduously all through, and if health, pace and physical strength, allied to superb boxing ability, can pull him through then he will win.

Beckett in a sense is a dark horse. In the earlier rounds in his latest match with Harry Reeve he took a lot of punishment, and was out-boxed. But he took the gruelling and triumphed.

Now Reeve as a boxer is not in Wells' class. But he is a hard, rugged fighter, who can take a hammering, and up to the present that is just where Wells has failed. That is when he has failed. And he has also two great assets. He is the fit, confident athlete; the other the man who is not trained to the hour, and who is inclined to be sluggish. I have in mind a match with Bandsman Rice at Liverpool, when Wells won on points. Well, we are now told by his trainer, is fit to fight for a king's ransom.

FASTEST ENGLISH HEAVY-WEIGHT.

Wells is the older man. But, as he told me in the first year of the war "I am a youngster yet." And he is only just over thirty-one, so he should be in the prime of his life for speed and stamina combined. Of speed we know he has no lack. His wonderful foot work in the gymnasium and on the running path proclaim him the fastest footed big man in England.

Did you see the picture of Wells standing at the crease with a cricket bat in his hands? That, to my mind, was the picture of athletic fitness. Strength, pose, freedom of muscle, all were there.

Now Beckett is one of those loose-limbed young men, big all over, with a suggestion of a reserve of immense strength in a round body. He is quick, but not quick as his rival. He is not so tall, has not the same reach, but he is a fighter who has threatened for some years to develop into one of the best of his class. Has he done so?

Weighing 17 lb. he will be a few pounds lighter than Wells, but very few. I should say Wells will enter the ring somewhat over 12st. 7lb., and to men of this size 7lb. is a mere bagatelle. Indeed, such past masters as Jim Macleod and Bob Fitzsimmons would declare a man of 12st. was big enough for anything in the ring.

WELLS' ADVANTAGES.

Still, I would always back the man with the poundage, and all things being equal. Unless Beckett has improved out of all knowledge as a boxer since we saw him last, Wells has the advantage there. He has the advantage of knowing that he has beaten Beckett twice, which is a lot in favour of Billy, who admits he has a temperance.

Boxers believe in what they call the "Indian sign." It is the belief of a man that he always has the odds on his side. To a man with a temperance this means a lot.

I think Wells will win. I always think Wells will win. I shall go on thinking Wells will win all his fights. He ought to win. He ought to be world's champion. I do not believe in that stomach weakness if he is fully trained. I expect Wells to triumph to-night. Whether he will depends upon himself.

If Wells is content to hit Beckett as he rushes in to get to close quarters, and hit him as hard as he can, instead of trying to defend himself from a blow which will not get him if he takes the initiative, he will win readily. In Wells' case offence is his best defence.

If Wells does not win at Albert Hall and makes it a close fight with Beckett, both men holding on for dear life and trying for an opening for a decisive jab, then it may be a long bout, and it is half fighting Beckett's fight for him.

How will it all go? It is in the lap of the gods. And yet Wells should win and in less than ten rounds. P. J. MOSS.

N.U. TOUR IN AUSTRALIA.

At a council meeting of the Northern Rugby Union it was decided to cable Australia to the effect that a team will be sent to play in the R.N.D. (Newport) 7, R.A.F. (Rugby) 0 (at Richmond).

Oxford University Athletics.—It has been decided to hold an athletic meeting open to the whole University, at Oxford on March 6 and 7.

International Football.—The question of Association matches between England and Wales this season is being seriously considered by the Football Association.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

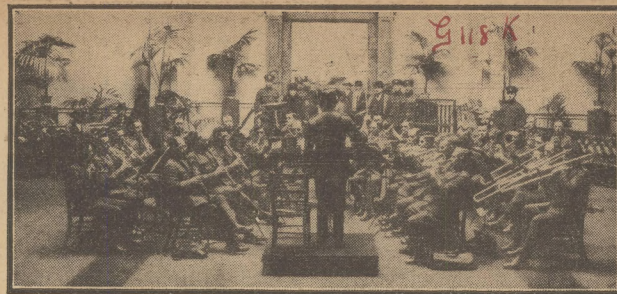
Boxers on Control Board.—Billy Wells, Pat O'Keefe and Jim Driscoll have been elected to the British Board of Control.

Boxing at N.S.C.—Seaman Hall will substitute Ted Lester at the Nelson Hotel next Monday against Sergeant Clark, of the Canadians.

Yesterday's Rugby Matches.—New Zealanders' 1st XV, 9 pts., Australians' XV, 0 (at Richmond); R.N.D. (Newport) 7, R.A.F. (Rugby) 0 (at Richmond).

Oxford University Athletics.—It has been decided to hold an athletic meeting open to the whole University, at Oxford on March 6 and 7.

International Football.—The question of Association matches between England and Wales this season is being seriously considered by the Football Association.



NEARING THE END.—The 23rd Canadian Reserve Battalion Band playing at the Royal Academy, where the Canadian War Paintings Exhibition is being held. It will close on Saturday, March 1, preparatory to leaving for New York.

TO-DAY'S FORM HORSES.

Candidates with Chances This Afternoon on Previous Running.

In some of the races this afternoon there will be absentees amongst the form horses—Corydon, for instance, is unlikely to go for the South-Western Selling Handicap Race. The horses given are those that on the book have good credentials, and that are, moreover, likely competitors.

1. 0.—CAROL SINGER. 2.30.—SERGEANT MURPHY.
1.30.—MR. BOTTOMLEY'S. 3. 0.—ANTIPATER.
2. 0.—CROSSTREE. 3.30.—DIAZ.
THE WHITE FRIAR.

SANDOWN PARK PROGRAMME.

1.0.—THE SOUTH-WESTERN SELLING HURDLE RACE; 100 sots; 2m.

Carol Singer (Mr. J. Baylis) Newey 11 7
Grangid General (Mr. W. Beatty) Beatty 11 7
Candy (Mr. Bottomley) Hare 11 7
Corydon (Mr. Bottomley) Hare 11 7
Mavery (Mr. Bottomley) Hare 11 7
Peterson (Mr. H. Brown) Private 11 7
Submit (Mr. J. Coleman) Coleman 11 7
Stipon (Mr. Douglas-Pennant) Gell 11 7
Gordon (Mr. M. P. S. Smith) Gell 11 7
Doctor Ryan (Mr. G. Marsh) Godfrey 11 7
Mintrel Park (Mr. G. Marsh) Godfrey 11 7
Sanctimonious (Mr. J. Smith) Godfrey 11 7
Toadstone (Mr. D. Stuart) Hyams 11 7

1.30.—THE EMBER SELLING CHASE, 100 sots; 2m.

Shaceabac (Mr. Tennison) R. Gordon 11 12
Little Brother (Mr. G. Avila) Pool 11 12
Mintrel Park (Mr. Bottomley) Hare 11 12
Mavery (Mr. Bottomley) Hare 11 12
Sir Percy (Mr. H. Brown) Private 11 12
The White Friar (Mr. P. S. Smith) Gell 11 12
Sanctimonious (Mr. J. Smith) Gell 11 12
Waveham (Capt. Straker) Hartigan 11 12

2.0.—THE WATERLOO HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, 100 sots; 2m.

Amageddon (Mr. Sievier) Sievier 11 0

(Above arrived.)

Stainon (Mr. V. Thompson) Hartigan 11 0
St. Tudwal (Captain B. Bibby) Williamson 11 0
Crosstree (Lord Derby) Beatty 11 0
Vermouth (Mr. P. Heybourn) Bell 11 0
Baybarrow (Mr. G. W. Smith) McCormack 11 0
John Jackett (Mr. G. W. Smith) McCormack 11 0
Don Cregan (Mr. A. Canfield) Gell 11 0
Rock Ahoy (Mr. Court) Young 11 0
Gordon (Mr. M. P. S. Smith) Gell 11 0
Ballyhandy (Mr. J. Hamden) Gell 11 0
Mintrel Park (Mr. G. Marsh) Godfrey 11 0
St. Eliot (Mr. V. Heybourn) Bell 11 0

2.30.—THE FEBRUARY HANDICAP CHASE, 100 sots; 2m.

Ally Sloper (Lady Nelson) Hastings 11 1
The Turk II (Mr. C. Wilcock) Hastings 11 1

(Above arrived.)

Poethlyn (10lb ex) (Mrs. H. Peel) Escott 11 8
Pollen (Mr. J. Dugdale) Escott 11 8
St. Tudwal (Captain B. Bibby) Williamson 11 8
Limerock (Capt. E. Patterson) A. Gordon 11 8
Vermouth (Mr. P. Heybourn) Bell 11 8
Sergeant Murphy (Mr. D. Stuart) Gell 11 8
Herald's Daughter (Mr. W. Peters) Law 11 8
Sango (Mr. P. Heybourn) Gell 11 8
Ballyhandy (Mr. J. Hamden) Gell 11 8
Limerock (Capt. E. Patterson) A. Gordon 11 8
Lamentable (Mr. P. Parker) Hyams 11 8
Squashon (Mr. S. Savary) Gell 11 8
Mark Back (Mr. E. Wills) De Winter 11 8
Maid IV (Colonel Purvis) Private 11 8
Mask Off (Mr. A. Saunders) Private 11 8
The Knocks (Mr. P. Nolle) Gell 11 8
Mintrel Park (Mr. G. Marsh) Godfrey 11 8
Bath (Mr. Sievier) Sievier 11 8
Lemon (Mr. V. Thompson) Hartigan 11 8
Charlebury (Mr. H. Trimmer) Nightingale 11 8

3.0.—THE GRANBY HCAP CHASE, 200 sots; 2m.

Waylace (Sir G. Bullough) Hastings 11 3

(Above arrived.)

Gordon Fleece (Mr. W. Parrish) Ireland 11 7
Herald's Daughter (Mr. W. Peters) Law 11 7
Sango (Mr. P. Heybourn) Gell 11 7
Crosstree (Lord Derby) Beatty 11 7
Vermouth (Mr. P. Heybourn) Bell 11 7
Watergruel (Mr. R. Wootton) Escott 11 7
Antipater (Capt. J. Rogers) Gell 11 7
Turk Securus (Mr. V. Thompson) Hartigan 11 7
Mask Off (Mr. A. Saunders) Private 11 7
Full Stop (Lord Gorey) Williamson 11 7
Iron Becket (Mr. L. B. Beauchamp) Hunt 11 7
Irish Cheer (Mr. E. Slogan) T. Elton 11 7
Prancer (Mr. Chalmers) Gell 11 7
Straight On (Mr. T. Benkiron) Nightingale 11 7
Sword Dance (Mrs. Palmer) Hyams 11 7

3.30.—THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD HURDLE RACE, 100 sots; 2m.

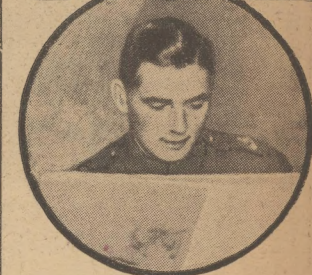
Charles Martel (Mr. A. Canfield) Gell 11 3
Mintrel Park (Mr. G. Marsh) Godfrey 11 3

(Above arrived.)

Diaz Lure (Mr. H. Brown) Private 11 6
Double Flutter (Sir G. Bullough) Hastings 11 6
Avenue (Mr. E. Caldwell) Caldwell 11 6
Fleming (Mr. D. Stuart) Hartigan 11 6
O'Flynn (Capt. G. Davis) Beatty 11 6
Dorchester (Mr. J. Hamden) Gell 11 6
Mintrel Park (Mr. G. Marsh) Godfrey 11 6
Diaz (Mr. E. Hulton) Gell 11 6
Mintrel Park (Mr. G. Marsh) Godfrey 11 6
Sheraton (Mr. T. King) Hunt 11 6
Camelina (Mr. E. Hulton) Gell 11 6
Chancellor (Mr. T. Nolan) Colling 11 6
Chicago (Mr. E. Wills) Young 11 6
Blanco (Mr. E. Wills) De Winter 11 6

Another 'Flu Victim.—R. Calvert, the sub-captain of the Salford Harriers, is seriously ill with influenza.

Keep in Touch



"NATIONAL" HORSES TO RUN AT SANDOWN PARK.

Attractive Programme for Opening Day of the Meeting.

BOUVIERIE'S SELECTIONS.

Although more rain fell yesterday the favourably situated Esher track had previously made such good recovery after last week's racing that I am hopeful the going will be found tolerable to-day.

A more attractive programme has not, I think, been placed before winter racegoers since the resumption of the sport in January. The Waterloo Hurdle Handicap is of the substantial value of 300 sots, an amount seldom offered under G.N.H. rules. Stainton was the original top weight, but successes gained have lifted St. Tudwal into that position, and I scarcely expect he will be asked to carry his 12st. 10lb. to-day, although I regard Captain Brian Bibby's horse as the best hurdler in training.

It is somewhat curious to find Vermouth's name in the entry. I take it that until the day of the National that animal's attention will be confined to fencing. Gore has Cresley, Con Cregan, Golden Daisy, and Ballyhandy engaged. Possibly Cresley will be the chosen, although Ballyhandy had some useful form in Ireland. Nor must sight be lost of the fact that Con Cregan won his only race over hurdles, and that it was on this course.

ROCK AH-OY'S CHANCE.

If Stainton runs he will have to concede from 16lb. to 37lb. to his opponents. The Northern-trained John Jackett is entitled to consideration, but I incline to the opinion that the issue will be fought out by Rock Ahoy and Crosstree. The latter is allowed 6lb. for the two-lengths beating he received last week, but I think Mr. Court's horse the more reliable.

For the February Steeplechase Escott will rely upon Pollen, and I expect to see Limerock go for this in preference to the Byfleet Chase the following day. Vermouth and Waverley are also in both races. Gore will saddle a favorite candidate in either Loch Allen or The Knocks.

The former won three and was placed in one of his last four races, and set him out at Ballincarronea (by eight lengths), Mark Back, Shaun Spadah, Vermouth (which fell) and others. The Knocks was favourite for Waverley's race at the last meeting and finished fourth. Ally Sloper has been sent for this race and may be relied upon to run a much better horse than at Windsor. The bigger jumps here will suit Lady Nelson's horse better. Hyams is likely to run Sergeant Murphy in preference to Lamentable, and after the manner in which the first-named finished last week, after refusing, his chance must be respected, but I prefer Ally Sloper. My selections are:—

1. 0.—MONARD. 2.30.—ALLY SLOPER.
1.30.—MR. BOTTOMLEY'S. 3. 0.—WAVYLAKE.
2. 0.—CROSSTREE. 3.30.—GALLICAN.
2. p.—ROCK AH-OY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

ALLY SLOPER AND 'WAVYLAKE' BOUVIERIE.

REVIVAL OF ROWING.

Importance of Amending and Broadening the Amateur Definition.

Amateur rowing clubs at Reading, Marlow, Henley, Maidenhead and other centres on the upper reaches of the Thames realise the immense value which is to be derived from a democratic broadening of the A.R.A. definition of an amateur in the forthcoming efforts to be made to revive the sport. This and other important subjects were fully discussed at a representative meeting of clubs and regattas held at Reading.

The conference unanimously recommended to the A.R.A. that the definition of the amateur status should be amended to admit all oarsmen except those who are professionals or engaged in heavy manual work. It was decided to approach the A.R.A. with a view to securing representation on the committee for clubs situate above Molesey. The conference also expressed the opinion that every effort should be made to encourage and promote interest in rowing, and, with that object in view, clubs will be exhorted to secure new members, provide facilities for learning the art of rowing, and to arrange club races for the encouragement of junior oarsmen.

Many a strong beginning on the Western Front had a weak ending because the fighting units failed to keep touch with each other. Both Great Britain and the Dominions will suffer if they fail to keep close touch in peace time trade struggle.

You can keep in touch with the home country, and help it to keep in touch with you, by becoming a subscriber to the Daily Mirror Overseas Weekly Edition.

It will tell you all that is going on over here from day to day.

All that is happening in the biggest village of the Empire will be pictured by camera and pen for you as it happens. You will be made a "citizen of famous London town" wherever you may be living. And you have got to be one of us. We simply must keep in touch.

Order now through your Newsagent, or send a subscription direct to the

Manager,
Overseas Daily Mirror,
23-29, Bouverie St.,
London.

Subscription:

6 months post free to Canada ... 16s. 0d.
To all other parts of the world ... 20s. 0d.

THE OVERSEAS DAILY MIRROR

Daily Mirror

THE PRINCESS' WEDDING.

P6860 *



P6864

Princess Mary, one of the eight bridesmaids who will attend the bride.



Lieut.-Commander H. S. Bowlby, R.N., groomsmen.



The Hon. Alexander Ramsay, the bridegroom-elect.



Princess Patricia of Connaught, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, the royal bride-elect.



Lady May Cambridge, bridesmaid.



Lady Joan Ramsay, one of the bridesmaids.



Princess Maud, one of the bridesmaids.



Princess Ingrid, one of the bridesmaids.



Lady Ida Ramsay, bridesmaid.



Princess Victoria, in procession.



The Earl of Macduff, one of the pages.



The Hon. Simon Ramsay, also a page.



Princess Royal, in procession.

To-day Westminster Abbey will be the scene of the marriage of Princess Patricia and Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, D.S.O., R.N., brother of the Earl of Dalhousie. The bride, who will have eight bridesmaids and two pages will, if fine, drive in

an open carriage from St. James' Palace with her father, the Duke of Connaught, who will give her away. The ceremony, at which the members of the Royal Family will be present, will take place at noon.